

Oct. 16. 1714.

Imprimatur.

*P*ER legi ingeniosum & eruditum hunc
Librum cui Titulus (a Second
TALE of a TUB; or the
History of ROBERT POWEL the
Puppet-Show-Man) in quo nil
reperio bonis moribus, sanæ Do-
ctrinæ, vel Legibus nostris con-
trarium.

T. D. R. L.

à S. D.

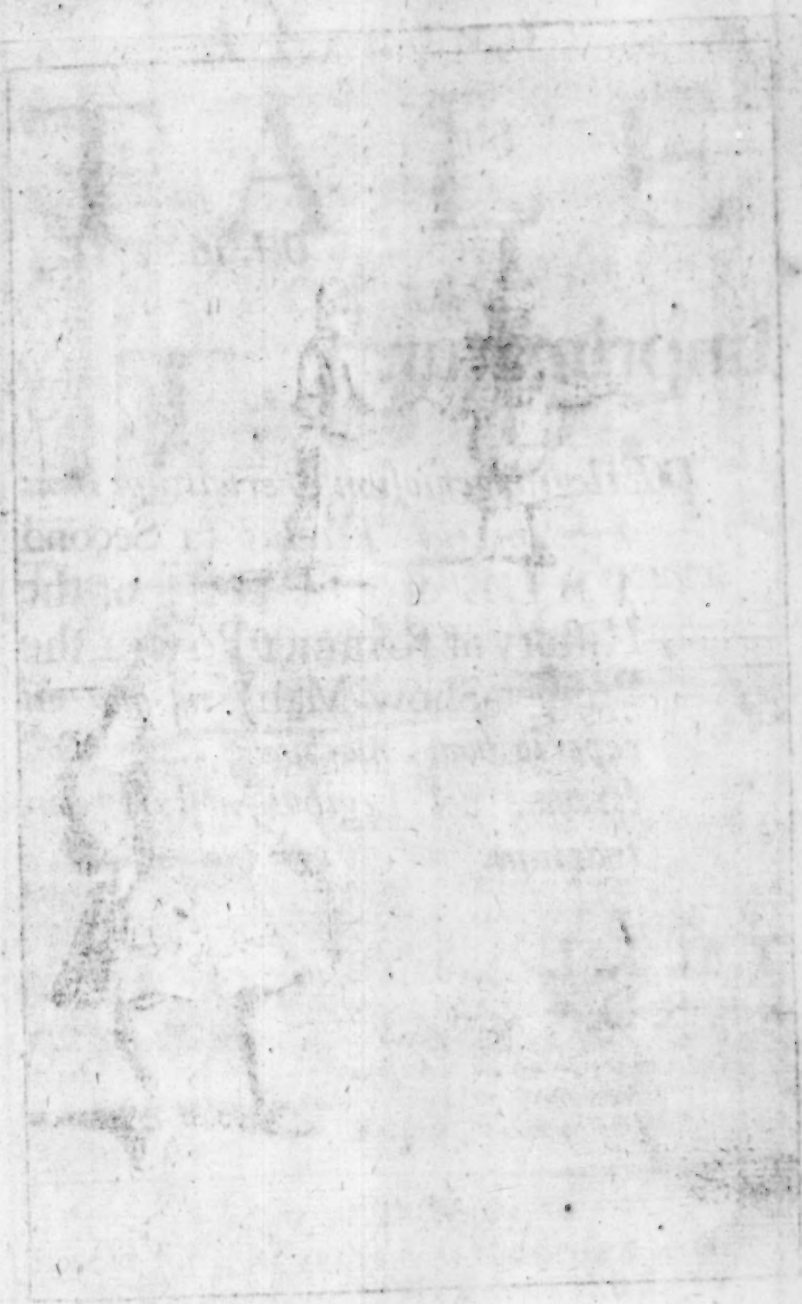
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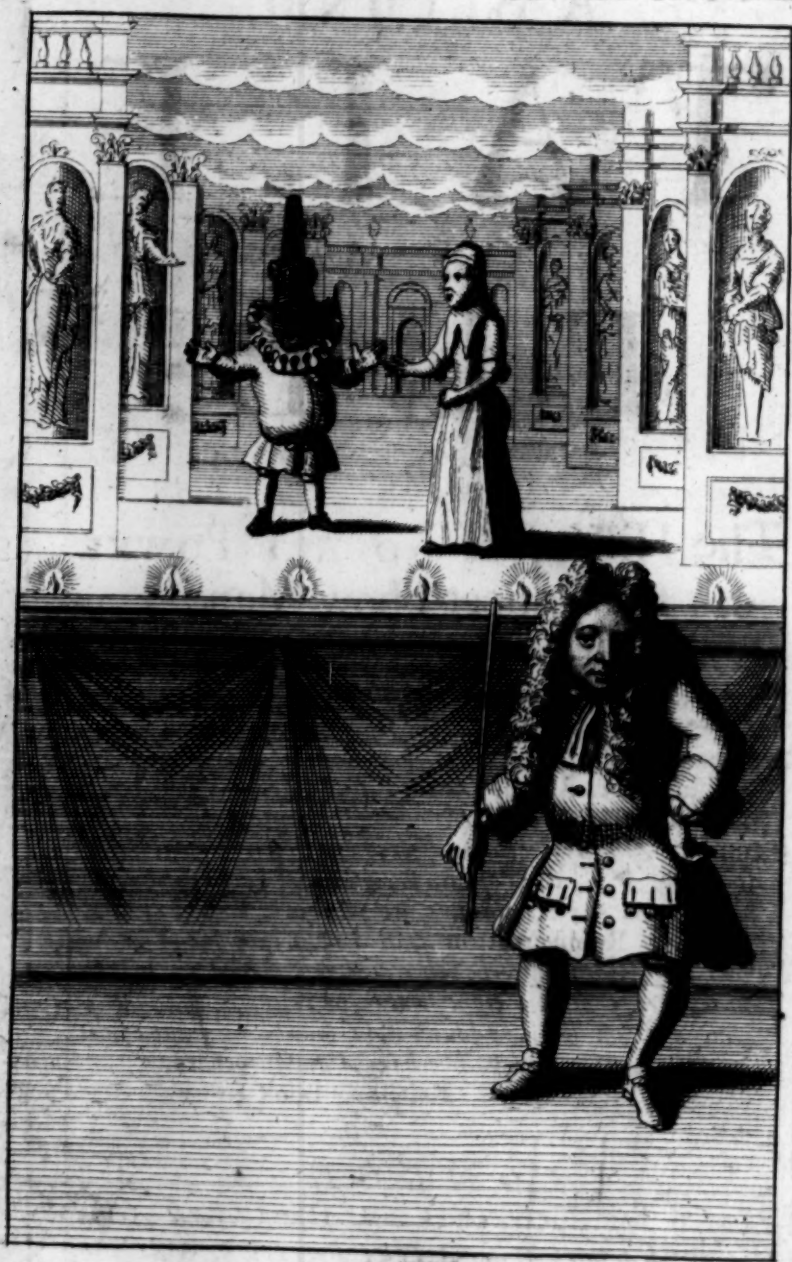
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©
A SECOND
T. A L E
OF A
T U B :

O R,

The History of ROBERT POWEL
the Puppet-Show-Man.

Sir Thomas Burnet

Dingdong. Give me your Hand—Humph, you go to see
Fashions; you are the King's Jester; your Name is Robin
Mutton. Do you see this same Ram? His Name too is
Robin. Here, Robin, Robin, Robin; Baea, Baea, Baea.
Hath he not a rare Voice?

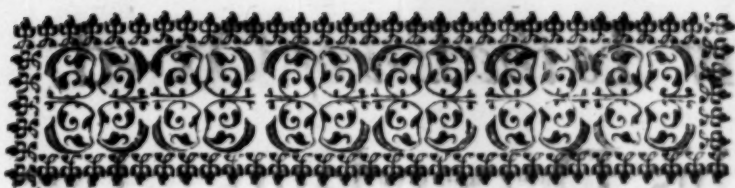
Panurge. Ay marry hath he, a very fine and harmonious Voice.

Dingdong. Well, this Bargain shall be made between you and
me, Friend and Neighbour; we will get a Pair of Scales,
then you, Robin Mutton shall be put into one of them,
and Tup Robin into the other. Now I'll hold you a Peck
of Oysters, that in Weight, Value, or Price, he shall outdo
you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical
manner as when you shall be hanged and suspended.

Rabelais, Book 4. Chap. 6.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS near the Oxford Arms
in Warwick-lane. 1715. Price 3 s. 6 d.

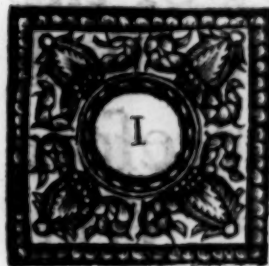


To the Right Honourable

THE

E-1 of Ox--d.

MY LORD,



It is the Custom of Mankind to follow the Fortunes of a Great Man, as long as they continue to be a Support to

A 2

his

iv *To the E-l of Ox--d.*

his Dependants ; but when once his Power is lost, the Croud forsake his Levee, and even shun the Idol, to whom before they had paid their Homage.

I scorn to be of the Number with such Men, and therefore begin to take Your Lordship for my Patron, when every one besides avoids the very Sight of you ; but
to

To the E-l of Ox--d. v

to me You appear as
honest, as wise, and as
worthy of Respect as
ever.

The Author of the
following Sheets has
indeed dedicated 'em
to the *Lady Majority*,
who of late has with-
drawn all her Smiles
from Your Lordship,
and left You to enjoy
Your own cloudy ful-
len Brow. But cheer
up, my Lord; 'tis time
enough

vi *To the E. of Ox--d.*

enough to wear a *hanging Look*, when that *Lady* shall come impartially to examine into Your Conduct, and when You may be in danger of being condemned, even by *Your own Peers*.

In the mean time, I beg Your Protection for Your Countryman and Namesake, *Mr. Robert Powel*, whose Actions are too ingenious not to merit Your
Appro-

To the E-l of Ox--d. vii

Approbation, and whose Fortunes bear too near a resemblance to Your Lordship's, not to claim Your *Pity*. And here, *My Lord*, had I the Genius of a *Bentley*, I would in a familiar Dialogue inform my Book of all Your Lordship's Virtues, not omitting to mention Your *Wife* and *Children*.

But, Alas! these are Flights too high for a
Poor

viii *To the E-l of Ox--d.*

Poor Publisher ; who must be content with only touching upon one or two of your more remarkable Endowments, such as your *Noble Spirit*, or your *Open Sincerity*.

One of which you have given signal Instances of, from the very moment you were dismiss'd the Management of Publick Affairs : And the other has

To the E-l of Ox--d. ix

has been the Charm
with which you long
have held all *Europe*
linked to your Inter-
est; For, my Lord, 'tis
that *undefigning Inte-*
grity and *sincere Con-*
duct of yours, that has
made Mankind repose
such Confidence in
your Lordship, and
stile you *the Retriever*
of Public Credit.

But no longer to
trespass upon your
Mo-

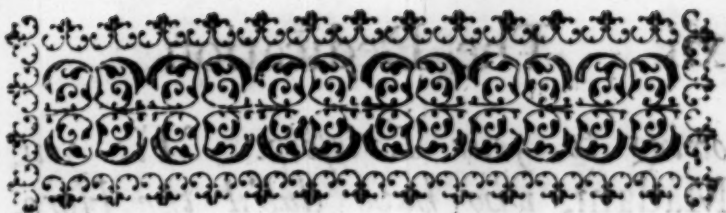
x *To the E-lof Ox--d.*

Modesty, whilst I am doing Justice to your Merit; I shall only assure your Lordship, that should this Book meet with a favourable Reception from the Town, I shall impute it wholly to your *Lordship's Character*; and am, with all *due Respect*,

MY LORD,

*Your Lordship's most
Humble Servant,*

The Publisher.

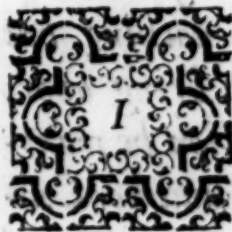


THE
Dedication.



TO THE
Lady MAJORITY,
the *Infalible Decider* of Cases
Known or Unknown.

MADAM,



It is to you, as the great
Pope JOAN of the Age,
that I dedicate this elabo-
rate Piece of Mr. Powell,
whose vast Successes and
surprizing Enterprizes have been all
owing

xii The Dedication.

owing to your Ladyship. 'Tis you, Madam, who have dub'd the Hero, and as he is wholly a Creature of your own, so I leave him under your Protection; which as long as he enjoys, I doubt not of his Prosperity; but shou'd you fling him off and disown him, I immediately read his dismal Fate, Axes, Gibbets, Halters, Pillories, whipping Posts must certainly attend him, while Pyes, Pepper, Ginger, Sugar, and o-ther Grocery Wares, shall take his History. But I hope you will not leave an Animal so entirely your Ladyship's to the Mercy of that merciless, bloody, and everlasting Enemy of yours, I mean that pimping fadè Minority; who ever in the wrong continues to be your teasing Opponent, and whom nothing but wholesome Severities can bring over. O, Madam, let not Correction be wanting, but even for your own and her Constitution correct her wholesomely, and put her to silence with Faggots, like a
Here.

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Heretick as she is. Minority, Madam, is Latin and Greek both for Heresy, the Word fully implies it, and I need not tell you, that it contains a Thousand other scandalous Significations, as that Minority denotes Nonage, Want of Sense, Atheism, Folly, Cunning, Stupidity, Knavery, Ambition, Narrow-heartedness, Prodigality, Covetousness, Cowardice, Rashness, and what not.

What Man has been beheaded for Treason, hanged for Felony, burnt for Heresy, pillor'd for Forgery, whipt for Larceny, Stock'd for Drunkenness, punish'd for Bribery, but was of the same Side with Mistress Minority, an unlucky Leader to all her Followers? Who was ever expell'd the House of C---s, who ever sent into Mr. Serjeant's Custody, who ever committed unto Newgate, who ever clapt up in the Tower, but was an unhappy Retainer to that
Filt

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Filt Minority? Minority that everlasting Culprit! Avaunt then, Minority, and let the glorious Name of your Ladyship be the Theme of my Pen. Majority the Victorious and Infalible, whose Judgment is for ever sound, whose Opinion is uncontrovertible, and whose Religion is eternally Orthodox. It is you, my Lady, that have planted Protestantism in Britain, Popery in France, Mahometism in Turkey, Heathenism in China; yet who dares tax you with Heresy? It is You that have set up a mixt Government in England, Slavery in France, and a Commonwealth in Holland; yet who calls you Tyrannical or Republican? It is You, my Lady, that have establish'd an annual Repentance in England for one King's Murder, while in Scotland you have depos'd and butcher'd Numbers, never to be lamented; yet who will charge you as Antimonarchical? 'Twas you, my Lady, that depos'd King CHARLES the 1st,

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Ist, and then beheaded him ; that afterwards set up the Usurper OLIVER, that address'd his Son RICHARD, and then discarded him ; that brought in K. CHARLES the 2d, and address'd him with Lives and Fortunes ; that past the same Compliment upon his Brother, and then sent him packing ; that set up the Prince of Orange King, that address'd the late Queen with Notions of Divine, indefeazable, Hereditary Right ; and that will shortly address our New King with a new Set of Lives and Fortunes Yet after all, who so steddly, who so faithfull, who so loyal, as the Lady Majority ?

I will not presume to offer gross Flattery, the coarse Provender of Fools, well knowing, that tho' some Members belonging to your Ladyship's Body are none of the wisest ; yet your Head, like the great Face upon the Picture of Hobbs's Leviathan, has more Brains
in

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in it than all those Pins-heads of Figures that compose either the Body or Arms.

Besides Numbers, which always are yours, will not permit your Ladyship to want either Sense, Honesty, or Religion.---Behold that Brick, an ordinary thing to look to; yet add that to a sufficient Number, and you may divert your Eyes with the Prospect of a magnificent Building. Do not Feathers, almost as light as the fleeting Air, by Addition make Pounds? Do not Drops make Rivers? and Rivers make Seas, by Addition? Then why should not this general Rule hold either as to Sense, Honesty, or Religion.---Certainly it does.---For instance: Clap five Hundred Fools together, allowing each to have one Grain of Sense, is it not then mathematically demonstrable, that there are Five Hundred Grains of Sense in that Room or Society? One Man to whom the same

Quan-

The Dedication. xvii

Quantity belongs, we justly call wise ; then why should not this Society merit that Epithet, since their Stock is equal to his ? When we consider it, Five Hundred Grains of Sense is a great Quantum, when industriously collected by an able Hand from each unpromising Member, whose Head is like the gawdy Flower, the Smell nor Taste of which seems not to contain the least Drop of Honey, yet notwithstanding adds to the Collector's treasur'd Store.

A Flint looks like a common Stone, and promises little Fire, and to a gentle Touch seems to partake more of Ice than Burning or Heat. Religion is like this Flint ; and were Steel, were the Sword of Persecution roughly applied, we should see latent Particles of Religion sparkle out from People, who seem'd before to have no more Religious Fire than a Stone. And here I dare be confident,

B

xviii The Dedication.

fidet, some snarling, carping, fault-finding Critick, not liking this Discourse, will say, I argue not closely, and will presently top this Instance upon me— As five hundred Blind Men, five hundred Deaf Men, five hundred Dumb Men, five hundred Dead Men, see, hear, speak and understand no more than one Blind, Deaf, Dumb, or Dead Man ; so— But this being a blind, deaf, dumb, and defunct Argument, I refer the Dispute to my Eighteen Volumes in Folio coming out as a Comment upon Duns Scotus. In the last of those Tomes, Sect. 9549, beginning at Page 6542, you will see that Sentence of VARRO's discuss'd, viz. An quidquam stultius quam quos singulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare universos. Where this Argument is answer'd at full, to the great Satisfaction of the Patient Reader, who will to his Edification find, that blind, deaf, dumb, and dead Men, see, hear, speak and
under-

The Dedication. xix

understand much better than he thought for.

But to return to your Ladyship, whose Vertues are indeed innumerable, and whose Goodness to your Devotees is inexpressible. The knavish Bankrupt may brag of the Fleet, the Queens Bench, and the Mint; the absconding Lawyer of the Temple and White Fryars; the cast-off Courtier of Whitehall and St. James's, and the saucy Footman of the Court of Requests and Parliament Stairs: But who of them all can pretend to the Security, the Impunity, or the Honour of him, who sits under the Protection of your Ladyship's Wings? Who dares arrest where you protect? who imprison when you give Bail? who condemn when you acquit? Actions cannot be bad when you sanctify them, neither is it possible for a Man to be evil, who is on the Side of Majority. A Side which worketh Wonders, which

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often makes Right Wrong, and Wrong Right, to the content of all just and honest Men. To be short—What may not a Man safely do under your Ladyship's Umbrage? May he not betray, sell, pillage, rob, cheat, and turn the World topsiturvey? And may he not at the same time bear the Titles of Great, Illustrious, Faithful, the Retriever of Honour, Rescuer of Credit, and Father of his Country? And is it possible for that same Person to be mistaken, to do amiss? No, no, he is your Ladyship's Favourite, and as long as he is so, black must be white, and white black, rather than his Turn should not be served.

Yet notwithstanding all this, great are our Obligations to you, and we are ready to acknowledge them, when we consider that nothing is done without your Approbation throughout the World: From you all Papes and Emperors derive

derive their Divine Right, you are the Infallibility of a general Council ; and to come nearer home, you are the Elector of all Parliaments and Convocations, and it is by your Authority that they only can act. Your Ladyship's personal Privileges are such as no Mortal besides can pretend to. You can take large Bribes, yet be uncorrupt ; you may rebel, yet be loyal ; you may count five more than fifty, and yet be a good Arithmetician ; you may imprison without Cause, yet be just ; you may hang, draw and quarter without Accusation ; commit Murder, Sacrilege, or any Crime, and remain innocent.

Madam, considering these Things, we must conclude Sir Thomas More to have been much in the Wrong, when he refused the Oath of Succession tender'd by the Abbot of Westminster, who told him, that he ought to think himself misled, since the Majority of the

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Parliament were of another Mind.--
*And here we have the full Opinion of a
learned Abbot-----That a Majority of
an English Parliament is as infallible as
the Pope-----And really I am so far a
Catholick as to be of the wise Abbot's Opi-
nion in this Point. And every honest Cler-
gyman in England has the same Thoughts
of a Majority of the Lower House of
Convocation, where so many learned, in-
genious, and I may add cool Heads, meet
for the Benefit of our Ecclesiastical Con-
stitution. Certainly 'tis a Paradox to
imagine that Error, that Prejudice, that
false Judgment can have any Influence
on the Majority of such a Set of Men,
who have so many Articles and Canons
to direct them, which they have always
strictly follow'd.----- For the Truth of
this, I appeal to the present Bishop of
Rochester, who is a Man of great Ho-
nour, Conscience, Modesty, and Good-
nature, which four Qualities, I pre-
sume, have placed him a chief Favour-
ite with your Ladyship. Here*

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*Here I could bring endless Examples
 of Persons, whose Honour, Riches, Sense,
 Parts, Honesty, nay and Religion too,
 have been all owing to you; and this
 plainly, even beyond Contradiction.----*
*For as the polish'd Mirrour, when Sol's
 bright Rays illuminate our Hemisphere,
 presents us with various Landskips and
 Figures borrow'd by Reflection from the
 adjacent Prospect; so these People,
 while your Ladyship's Sun-beams of Fa-
 vour shine on them, discover to us a
 Variety of Graces and Perfections.----*
*But when those Beams are withdrawn,
 not unlike a Looking-glass in the Dark,
 wholly bereft of all their borrow'd
 Gaieties, they appear only deck'd with
 Blackness and Horrour.—— I know
 there are some, who like Diamonds of
 the clearest Water strike a Lustre in the
 midst of sable Night. I shall only in-
 stance some of the first sort by such
 Dashes as these: E. | O. V. | B.
 E. St | d; and some of the latter by
B 4
such*

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*such Scrawls as D. M—h, E. S—d,
E. W—n, E. G—n, L. S—s,
L. H—x, L. C—r, R. W—le,
&c. who when in your Favour are as
great an Honour to you, as your Ladyship
is a Support to them.*

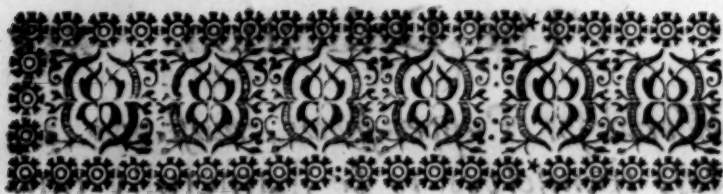
*But to return to the Gentleman,
whom I recommend to your Protection,
Mr. POWEL the Puppet-show-man.
Did your Ladyship not know him, I
would describe his Person and Parts;
but he has already been distinguish'd by
the Lady Majority. For what Man,
Woman or Child, that lives within the
Verge of Covent-Garden, or what
Beau or Belle Visitant at the Bath,
knows not Mr. POWEL? Have not
England, Scotland, France and Ire-
land; have not even the Orcades, the
utmost Limits of CÆSAR's Conquest,
been filled with the Fame of Mr. POW-
EL's mechanical Atchievements? The
Dutch, the most expert Nation in the
World*

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World for Puppet-shows, must now confess themselves to be shamefully out-done. It would be trifling after this to recount to you, how Mr. POWEL has melted a whole Audience into Pity and Tears, when he has made the poor starved Children in the Wood miserably depart in Peace, and a Robin bury them.--- It wou'd be tedious to enumerate how often he has made Punch the Diversion of all the Spectators, by putting into his Mouth many Bulls and flat Contradictions, to the Dear Joy of all true Teagues. Or to what end should I attempt to describe how heroically he makes King BLADUD perform the Part of a British Prince? But I shall no longer harangue to prove that the Sun shines, but conclude my self

*Your Ladyship's Humble Admirer,
and Vassal,*

The AUTHOR.



THE INTRODUCTION.



BEFORE we begin our History, we shall, according to Form, fix an *Introduction* to it, thinking that much properer than a *Preface*; for when you would be acquainted with any one, you do not say *preface* me to such an one—— No—— but introduce me—— Now this being the History of a Person now living, and that no small one too—— no less than a Lord, which, *prima vel secunda facie*, you may perceive by his Back; an Introduction will be highly requisite to a Person of such Quality, whose Life and Actions I have undertaken to describe; and who, in short, is the *Great*, the *Illustrious*, and the Celebrated Mr. POWEL, the Puppet-Show Man, who has worthily acquired the Reputation of one of the most dextrous Managers of human Mechanism, no

Eng.

The INTRODUCTION. xxvii

English Artist ever coming in vie with him—— His Wires are perfectly invisible, his Puppets are well jointed, and very apt to follow the Motions of his directing Hand; and as for *Punch*, who used heretofore to be nothing but a roaring, lewd, rakish, empty Fellow, a perfect *Mobock*, he now speaks choice Apothegms and sterling Wit, to the Amazement of the applauding Audience both in Pit and Boxes. But to lay aside all Panegyrick on Mr. POWEL's matchless Puppet-Show, which does enough recommend it self to all sagacious Readers, especially those of a Dramatick Genius—— I shall learnedly come to the Point in hand, that is, to set down some Account of the following History, together with the important Reasons that induced me to attempt such a laborious Work.

When an ingenious Person, who thinks to acquire a large Estate, by surprizing the World with strange Sights, has gotten a full *Synod, Assembly, or Convocation* of Bears, Lyons, Tygers, Hyæna's, Apes, Monkeys, Baboons, Civet-Cats, Dogs with three Legs, and some with two, Dwarfs, Pigmies, Giants, or their Thigh-bones, and several other Transmarine and Tramontane Gentry; he paints them all in a large Canvas, which being hung over his Door, serves for a Preface or Intro-

xxviii *The* INTRODUCTION.

troduction to the Show. Now though it looks a little odd to give you first a Sight of the Rarities, and then ask you to see them; yet such is the *Novitatis Ardor*, the Curiosity of the World, that though they have viewed the Picture already, yet they must pay to see it move; and I doubt not, but the same Itch of the Eyes might tempt People to fling away their Money, to see a moving Picture stand still—— Well, Gentlemen, you shan't be baulk'd—I'll hang out my Canvass too, and like my Brother Monster-mongers, well daub'd into the Bargain—— Stare then—— and behold—— the Novel Figure—— You see what is written over his Head, *This is Mr. POWEL—— That's he—— the little crooked Gentleman, that holds a Staff in his Hand, without which he must fall——* The Sight is well worth your Money, for you may not see such another these seven Years, nay, perhaps not this Age: And so without Lett or Hindrance—— that is farther reading, you may step into the *Show*, and turn to the Book it self; for I don't question, but like other Folks, that love fine Sight, you are in great Haste to see all, though perhaps when you come to the End, you may wish the Show were a little longer.

It has been the Custom of antient times to record the great Actions of Men, without
out

The INTRODUCTION. XXIX

out considering their Quality ; on which Account the particular Transactions of DIOGENES in his Tub, who was the first Presbyterian I ever read of, have been transmitted to us with the same Care as those of the two great Lawyers, LYCURGUS and SOLON—— and SPARTACUS that valiant Slave, who so gloriously attempted his Liberty, now lives as well as AREJUS, CRASSUS, or POMPEY, who subdued him. EROSTRATUS the Doctor of that Age, survives as a famous *Incendiary*, and has rais'd himself a durable and lasting Name, out of the Ashes of DIANA's Temple. CÆSAR built his Glory on the Ruins of his Country ; and we must agree that ALEXANDER was, as the Pirate called him, but a great Robber. In Imitation therefore of these antient Historians, our *Moderns* have been employ'd in recording the famous Actions of private Men, whose Histories bear the Title of, *The Spanish Rogue, the English Rogue, the Scotch Rogue, the French Rogue, &c.* The Authors I suppose, imitating QUINTUS CURTIUS, ZENOPHON, THUCYDIDES, PLUTARCH, and the rest of those Antients, whose Writings have eternized their Heroes, and by that Means themselves too—— Thus Historians immortalize great Men, and great Men again immortalize Historians. Therefore the Writer is as much obliged to the
Hero,

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Hero, as the Hero is to the Writer, whose Works have embalm'd both their Memories, and preserved them like *Egyptian Mummies*, from crumbling into Dust and Ashes. And on this Account HOMER stands on a Level with AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, and all the rest of his well-booted Champions.

‘ Father KIRCHER, in his most ingenious Treatise, call’d *Mundus Subterraneus*,
‘ Tom. I. tells us this Story: Once upon a
‘ time, a certain Man gathering Saphire on some high Rocks, his Foot slipping down he fell—— but as his good
‘ Stars would have it, a Crag of the Rock
‘ jutting out underneath, caught him,
‘ without any other Damage, than being
‘ stunn’d with the Fall. The Man soon
‘ came to himself, and with great Grief,
‘ saw that it was impossible to climb up
‘ above, and below waited a dreadful
‘ Precipice, terrible to behold. Upon a
‘ second Review of the Place he spies the
‘ Mouth of a Cave, and into it he goes,
‘ where he finds two mighty Dragons
‘ sleeping—— The Man—— whether his
‘ Spirits were sunk with Despair, or
‘ numb’d by the Dampness of the Place,
‘ with Drowsiness o’er-taken, lays himself
‘ down to sleep near one of the Dragons;
‘ Cold soon drove them close together, like
‘ Man and Wife, and upon better Acquaintance

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‘quaintance with the Monster, he found
‘that he had Down under his Wings, and
‘thither he crept: But alas! Meat was
‘wanting for hungry craving Stomachs;
‘when by and by the Dragons, though
‘fast asleep, arose, and lick’d the Cave,
‘which stood in Oily Drops, and so to
‘Bed again; this did the Man, and sa-
‘tisfy’d his Hunger. And thus they li-
‘ved together till Spring came on, at
‘which time one of the Dragons awa-
‘king, walk’d to the Mouth of the Cave,
‘where having fate some time, and plu-
‘med himself, clapping his Wings, away
‘he flew—— The other Dragon began
‘to yawn—— and the Man to bethink
‘himself, that should he be left alone, be-
‘reft of his Companions, whose Heat had
‘hitherto preserved his Life—— soon he
‘should starve, and lie there bury’d in e-
‘ternal Oblivion—— therefore he resolv’d
‘not to let his Escape go unattempted, but
‘rather perish in it—— This was scarce
‘determin’d, when the other Dragon ha-
‘stens to the Cave’s Mouth, and just as
‘with Wings extended, he mounts the Air,
‘the Man takes hold of his Tail, and a-
‘way they flew together, till skimming
‘over the next Mountain, the Man lets go,
‘and so walks home—— Thus the Dra-
‘gon preserv’d the Life of him, who has
‘since immortaliz’d the Dragon, and re-
‘gister’d

xxxii *The* INTRODUCTION.

' gifter'd his Humanity in Father KIR-
' CHER's wondrous Works.

Thus I consider—— that I am but mortal, and that when I die, I shall certainly be bury'd, and if I do not take good Care, in Obscurity too: Therefore I am resolv'd to catch hold of some overgrown Dragon's Tail, in order to take a Flight out of the Dungeon of the *ὀϊπολλοὶ*, and if the said Serpent don't cast his Skin in the Voyage, as a certain Teacher told his Congregation he would do, if they took hold of his Cloak, it is well enough. Now I have pick'd out Mr. POWEL for this same flying Purpose, the Wings of whose Exploits I hope will bear me up— And here I know a great many People will ask me, how I came to chuse him—— for since so many Patriots adorn this Age, it's very odd I should take a Puppet-man for my Subject—— Did a Military Scene delight my Pen? Are there not the Duke of *Or——d*, and the Earl of *Pet——gh*? Did a learned Treatise of Politicks, Civil Governments, or State Affairs affect me? Are there not the E. of *Ox——d*, the E. of *P——t*, the E. of *St——d*, and the Bishop of *Lo——n*? Did Ecclesiastical History suit my Genius? Are there not the Lives of the Bishop of *D——m*, the Bishop of *Ro——r*, the Bishop of *Cb——ch——r*, and the famous Doctor SA-

CHE-

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CHEVERELL, that would sparkle in Story
—— But forsooth—— these I must disingenuously pass over, to scrawl the Life of Mr. POWEL, *the Puppet-Show Man*—— This is very true—— But alas! what can you expect from such a feeble Quill as mine? Should I attempt the Praises due to the great Persons above-mentioned, I should but disgrace the Subject; and while the World expected a Panegyrick upon them, it would prove but a downright Lampoon—— Upon which Score my Modesty forbade me aiming at things so far out of my Reach—— Be content with this, she cry'd—— The noble Acts of TOM THUMB, JACK STRAW, WAT TYLER, ROBIN HOOD, are enough for you—— If you must write, take one of those, or ROBERT POWEL, *the Puppet-show Man*. I immediately concluded on my Friend POWEL, both because I was acquainted with him, and because I was sure, being alive, that he would help me in the Narration, *for which I here heartily thank him*. But the main and principal Reason that induced me to write this History, was this.

A few Years ago, there was a Prize fought for by two Champions, the one of *Exeter*, named DENNIS WOODEN-SHOE; and the other of *Taunton*, named GEORGE HOBNAIL. And among many
C other

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other Rural Squires, I rode thither myself to be a Looker on, and being an Eye-witness to the whole Transaction, I beg Leave to be somewhat particular in my Relation of it— DENNIS WOODEN-SHOE was a very nimble Fellow, one that understood his Weapons very well, but his chief Art lay in Feints and quick Thrusts. His Antagonist, GEORGE HOBNAIL, was a plain thick set Man, exceeding strong, and withal laid his Blows on heavily, he knew how to push, and how to parry, and as he was of an excellent Courage, he scorn'd all Trick and Shuffle. These two mounted the Stage, shook Hands, drank to one another, and according to Custom, fell to exercising their Weapons. The Gentleman who gave the Plate fate as Umpire, and as I thought, with this Motto, written in large Characters over his Head, *Detur Dignissimo*— Well— the Combatants began ; the first Onset GEORGE had like to have been worsted, having receiv'd a large Cut over his left Arm— In return, DENNIS got a great Scar on his left Eye-brow ; this was seconded with another Gash under the same Eye ; the Blood trickling down, made the Mob think his Eye sliced out, on which ensued a great Huzza by the Inhabitants of *Somersetshire*, while the Men of *Devon* stood pale in the midst of deep Silence. The
Wounds

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Wounds were soon cured, and the Blood stopt by the attending Surgeon, and each Champion renew'd the Attack. I will not trouble you here with an Account of every Stroak, how aim'd, how defended and return'd; but in short shall tell you, that GEORGE HOBNAIL being the stoutest Fellow of the two, beat his Adversary DENNIS WOODEN-SHOE clear off the Stage, miserably wounded, and utterly unable any longer to sustain the Blows of his Rustick Antagonist. I was not a little pleas'd (being my self a *Somerset-shire* Man) to see my Country-man come off so well, who had now the Stage clear to himself. The next thing I expected was, that the Plate should be deliver'd to him as a Reward for his Victory—— But alas? the silly Umpire, though a *Somerset-shire* Man, and even Landlord to GEORGE, contrary to all Mens Expectation, began this Speech. ‘Gentlemen—— as I am Umpire, ’tis my undoubted Right to give
‘ the Plate to whom I please; therefore
‘ let no Man be angry at what I do——
‘ My Tenant and Country-man GEORGE
‘ HOBNAIL, is not able to strike one
‘ Stroak; for his Benefit therefore I give
‘ the Plate to DENNIS WOODEN-SHOE——
‘ No Person loves his Country-man better;
‘ no one has his own Tenant’s Interest
‘ more at Heart than I—— And he that

C 2

‘ says

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‘ says the contrary, is an ill-minded designing Puppy.

|| This Speech being finish’d, the Plate (a Silver Punch Bowl) was given to DENNIS WOODEN-SHOE, who promis’d he would never part with it; and so the Prize was carry’d off, to the great Joy of the *Exeter* Men, and to the greater Mortification of the *Tauntonians*. In short, I my self could not help being vex’d at this so extraordinary Judgment—— Riding home, according to the laudable Custom of the Country, I began, for want of better Company, to discourse on this Topick with my Man—— ‘ ROGER, quoth I, ‘ what think you of DENNIS WOODEN-SHOES carrying away the Plate from ‘ GEORGE HOBNAIL, who had beat him ‘ off the Stage. Ah! Sir, (says he) I could ‘ have told you long ago, how it would have ‘ gone. You told me, reply’d I, how could ‘ that be? Why then, Sir, says he, you must ‘ know that I am very well acquainted with ‘ a Footman of Sir SIMPLETON WOOD- ‘ ENHEAD, who was the Umpire, he and I ‘ sometime ago, talking of this Prize to be ‘ fought, among other things he told me, ‘ DENNIS would carry the Bowl; for, said ‘ he, right or wrong, he shall have it, I ‘ have Interest enough with my Master, to ‘ make him give the Plate to whom I please. ‘ And I tell you once more, he shall have it.

‘ I

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‘ I thought that he only banter’d, but I find
‘ he did not ; for I saw the same Rogue
‘ SHINKIN prompting to his Master, that
‘ very Speech to Day that he spoke, which
‘ so much surprized you.

This indeed amazed me, and from prating with my Man, I fell into Contemplation all the rest of the way. One while thinking of the different Modes of administering Justice, by and by on the strange Government of Families ; the first brought to my Mind, several partial Acts of Judges, on Account of their Favourites, being fee’d, or not fee’d in a Cause ; the second the unaccountable Actions of those who are ruled by their Servants, or vile Sycophants, who never fail to lead their Cully-Masters into the most ridiculous Measures. These Cogitations, together with some Reflections on the strange Instability of human Kind, so apt to be drawn to make wrong Conclusions from ever so right Premises, and so prone to finish the Piece quite different from what the first Draught seem’d to promise. These Thoughts, I say, made me resolve to write Mr. POWEL’s Life, which, I think, may serve as a Pattern of that kind.

Mr. HOBBS says, *That History is the Register of Knowledge, of Matter of Fact*——
Now every one, who is intimately acquainted with Mr. POWEL, will know

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that the following History is no feign'd thing, but a Collection of *Matters of Fact* taken out of Mr. POWEL's *Journals and Minutes*; and therefore I wou'd not have any one think it a Fable, or that any *Mystery* or *Reflection* is couch'd under the Story. And be it known to that wise and inquisitive Man, who shall fish out for any other Meaning, than that which appears in the literal Sense of the Words, that I declare the same of this Book as Dr. ALDRICH did of his Almanack, *That there is no Meaning at all in it*— And I humbly hope I may be allow'd to write a Piece with as little Meaning and Sense as that learned *Doctor* drew one.

It is odd, I know, to write the History of a Person while living, and that made me almost in the mind to give my Book the Name of Mr. POWEL's *Memoirs*, but knowing my Work to be a true *History*, *ἱστορία* (as LUCIAN calls it) and that the Word *Memoirs* imply'd nothing but Romance and Fable, I soon dropt that Thought, and concluded on the Word *History*, as you will see in my Title Page. Indeed I was much confirm'd in the Propriety of this Expression by the daily Historical Volumes that us'd to come out, of Men, nay great Men now alive. As, *The Conduct of the Lord P——GH in Spain*, *The Conduct of the Earl of Galway*, *The Conduct*

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Conduct of the Duke of M—— in Flanders, and The Conduct of the Allies. This made me think of *The Conduct of Mr. POWEL* for my Title ; but I soon quitted that Design, finding that there was little *Conduct* in his whole Life, and fearing lest then my Book might be look'd upon as a Ridicule upon the aforesaid *Conducts* ; so I stuck to the Title of *History*, which if the Reader likes not, let him even alter it, 'tis the same thing to me, and to the Book also.

The Wise and Learned meet with a vast deal of Divinity, of Politicks, Ethicks, Astronomy, Astrology, Mathematicks, Natural Philosophy, and what not, in the Great HOMER ; and I doubt not but the ingenious Reader may do so here, and find out a great many fine things, which neither MR. POWEL nor my self ever dreamt of. This very Accident happen'd to me the other Day, upon shewing the following History to the Parson of our Parish, who is a grave and Book-learned Man, and an accurate Latin Poet. After he read it over, he stroak'd his Beard, and told me he liked it all well enough, except that Part relating to the *Maypole* ; adding, that he was afraid that might give a Scandal to Religion. I assur'd him that it nothing concern'd Christianity, but was the true Pagan Worship of the Island of *Tac-*

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peithea, the same Island which PSALMANAASAR falsely calls *Formosa*, which is a Latin Name lately given it by the *Spaniards*, because it makes a beautiful Prospect at Sea. But the true antient Name is $\text{P}\text{e}\text{i}\text{t}\text{h}\text{e}\text{i}\text{a}$; that is *Talicukieu* or *Tacupeitheia*, which I shew'd him in my *Malayan Dictionary*.— And that great Devil-faced Pagod, which the same Author keeps a Clutter about in his Book, is nothing but a huge *Maypole*. This, and a long Letter which I had sent me by the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs* of *Bristol*, from a Friend in the *East Indies*, convinced our Reverend Doctor of the Truth of it. Upon which he was so pleas'd, that he promised me he wou'd give his Approbation to set before my Book (which you see he has done) and not contented with that, he wou'd have invoked his Muse to have assisted him in composing for me a Copy of Verses, to have been put at the very Head of my Book, directed *Ingenioſiſſimo Authori*; but that he was wholly taken up in writing a *Panegyrick* upon the *New King*. And for that reason I was forced to sit down satisfied with his *Impri-matur* in Prose.

And here I cannot but inform my intelligent Reader, that tho' *all the shrewdest Pieces* of the first Tale of a Tub were conceived in a Bed in a Garret, nay continued and ended under a long Course of *Physick*,
which

which the Surgeon can testify, and written out by a Quill worn to the Pith in the Service of the State in Pro's and Con's, upon Popish Plots and Meal Tubs, Exclusion Bills, and Passive Obedience, and Addresses of Lives and Fortunes, and Prerogative, and Property, and Liberty of Conscience, and Letters to a Friend, WITH AN UNDERSTANDING AND A CONSCIENCE RAGGED AND THREAD-BARE WITH PERPETUAL TURNING; yet this second Tale of a Tub was not born in so exalted a Sphere, but conceiv'd in a Cellar, continued and ended in a Course of Mirth, to which the Drawer can testify, and written out with a new fresh Quill upon the Bottom of a Tub turned upside down; and as it is a common thing to give a Bastard the Name of his Mother, especially when the Father is not willing to be known; so for that very reason I christen this the *Tale of a Tub*, as genuinely proceeding from the Fundament or Bottom of a leaky Vessel of the same Name.

Indeed when first I turn'd the *Tub* up, I concluded forthwith, that I should beget some such thing upon it; nor was I mistaken; for in less than a Fortnight's time, my Hero was brought forth, like another MINERVA, out of my Brain.

And

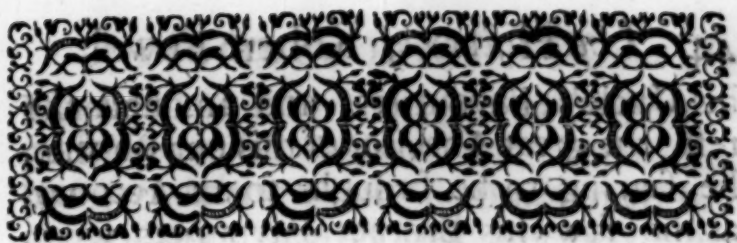
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And now, my good patient Reader, I have acted the Part of a Gentleman-Usher, and therefore shall civilly withdraw, and leave you and Mr. POWEL together, in order to be better acquainted.

N. B. Gentle Reader, if this Book suits not thy Genius, I shall in a little time publish Eighteen Volumes in *Folio* upon DUNS SCOTUS and THOMAS AQUINAS, in which Controversy I much incline to SCOTUS's Side. I shall also publish by way of Postscript a long Dissertation on the Nature of Annotations and Comments, with an Account of those who have obscur'd the Text by explaining it, in a Letter to the polite Dr. BENTLEY.



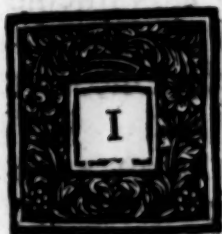
T H E



THE
HISTORY
OF
ROBERT POWEL.



CHAPTER the First.



It will be endless to run through all the long Pedigree of the celebrated ROBERT POWEL — Then let it suffice, that one of his Ancestors was Privy Counsellor to the famed TIBERIUS CÆSAR, and afterwards sent over into *Britain*, as Governour in one of the Provinces ; but TIBERIUS dying, CALIGULA soon remov'd all his

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his Uncle's Favourites, and amongst the rest, the great Ancestor of this our POWEL, he fearing to be brought to an Account, as he saw his Brother Favourites were, by the cruel Emperor CALIGULA, for his own Security fairly fled into the Mountains among the antient *Britains*, with whom this Family has ever since continued in great Repute; tho' indeed entirely known by another Name, that of POWEL being lately taken up by the Gentleman whose History I now write. For as a fatal Accident metamorphosed his Body, and from a strait proper Man reduced him almost to the Shapes of a Monkey; so being sensible of his Disgrace, and willing from that time forwards to continue *incognito*, he purposed the changing of his Name, and instead of *Volpone*, the antient Name of his Family, assumed that of POWEL; which tho' it be a fictitious one, yet because he is best known by it, and because it's a Name he himself most fancies, we shall for the future throughout the Thred of this Discourse call him Mr. POWEL.

I will not here tell you how many *Ap's* we find in his Pedigree, which wou'd be too tedious for this short Tract, which contains little more than the memorable Actions of this one Man, the Offspring of such an antient and honourable Stock: Therefore I refer the Reader to the Pedigree

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gree it self, which is kept among many other sacred Reliques and Curiosities, in the Elaboratory, or *Musæum*, at *Nabirampton*, the Seat of the Family of the *Volpones*. This *Musæum* is very well worth seeing, especially by Persons of an inquisitive Genius, who think the Sight of a Novel Object a full Recompence for a hundred Miles Fatigue. Not to mention those strange Deviations and Excrescencies of Nature, which may be seen at *Oxford*, *Gresham*, *Leyden*, *Rome*, or *Florence*, I shall be guilty of Injustice to the Family of my Hero, should I wholly pass over in Silence all those extraordinary Rarities, which are conserv'd at *Nabirampton*; therefore as a short Specimen, I will set down two or three Curiosities which I saw there my self; besides a Ship-load of things, which perhaps you may see in other Places. I saw one Quart full of Honesty, hermetically seal'd, never to be open'd. One Vial of the Quintessence of Loyalty, with the Stopper out. Nine Medals of OLIVER CROMWELL, which turned upside down would serve for King CHARLES. A small Magick Wand, which transforms Metals, Persons and Things into whatsoever the Bearer pleases, which loses all its Virtues, when removed out of this Family. There were three Manuscripts, which because written by the Family, I can't omit;
The

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The Title of the first is, *Machiavel in a Nutshell*; The second is called, *De-Wit in England*; and the third, *A Treatise proving that the Countenance ought not to be an Index of the Mind, or the Art of putting a merry Face on a sad Heart*. These, with a vast Number more, whose Catalogue is too long to be here inserted, are kept with great Care and Industry in the said *Museum*, and if any one likes these, he may even go to *Wales*, and see the rest himself.

But to proceed, The Father of this Hero, was Sir OLIVER VOLPONE, a Man much addicted to Visions and Prophecies; who one Day dreaming he heard a Noise in his Man's Chamber, and putting a well rub'd Pair of Spectacles on, went up Stairs, and there unexpectedly catches his Man JOHN, and his Maid SUSAN, in the antient Posture of MARS and VENUS; it cannot be imagin'd what a Confusion the old Gentleman was in——amaz'd he stands, with one Hand on his Beard, and the other stuck in his Belt—— But after some Pause, and a few inward Ejaculations, he recovers—— Oh Heavens! what Abomination is committed in our innocent Mansion? Are Beds—— I say, are harmless Beds made to sin on? Arise JOHN, arise SUSAN, begon ye Defilers of my righteous House, begon, that the bare Walls may not bear Witness
against

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against you. O Modesty! O Chastity! O Virginity! whether are you fled? On which, fetching a deep Sigh, he drives the amorous Couple down before him, and having turn'd them both out of Doors, he calls a Consult, in which the Old Gentleman's dear Wife, DAME DRUIDA, was chief Adviser. There having pathetically open'd the Case, and laid down the Heinousness of the Crime, and made a short Prayer, for diverting future Judgments (without considering what other Beds in the same House deserved, for Crimes committed by those of nearer kin) It was unanimously agreed for the Expiation of the Guilt—— that the Bed as a *Passive Actor*, and a Sword that hung by the Bed-side, as an *Abetting Spectator*, should both be committed to the Flames, which accordingly was done in the Market-Place of *Nabirampton*—— About this remarkable time, DAME DRUIDA found herself with Child, and was hastily brought to Bed of a Son, who, as he was brought into the World before his time, so probably may go out of it in like manner. The Child was observ'd from the Hour of his Birth, to have a red Nose, which spoil'd the Gossips Jest, of having *Dad's own Nose*, which on the contray, was exceeding Pale, whether occasion'd through Abstinence and Fasting, or that it was naturally

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rally so, Records make no mention. But so it was, that the old Knight seeing his Son's Nose so different from his own, it put him into strange Perplexities, to understand the true meaning of so important an Accident. It was not long before Sir OLIVER had a Vision upon the same Account, which we find transcribed at length in a Journal Book, written in his Hand, that lay amongst several other Papers, which he kept by him in his own Study for his own Use, and because the Reader may be curious, we will set it down *verbatim*, as we find it.

Memorandum—— *Die Mercurii, Anglice*
Wednesday my Wife was brought to
Bed of a Son.

Die Jovis—— Thursday—— I looked
over the *Revelations*, but could find
nothing about *Noses*, when lo! my
Son hath an exceeding red one.

Die Veneris—— Friday. I fasted and
groan'd in the Spirit.

Die Saturni—— Saturday. I examin'd
forty one Sheets of *Merlin*.

Die Solis—— Sunday. I went to the
Meeting, and met with many of the
Faithful.

Ditto

Ditto— At Night I had a Vision.

‘ About Twelve a Clock at Night I
‘ dreamed a Dream, and behold I saw a
‘ Vision. A vast Sea reaching every way
‘ beyond the Bounds of Sight, blest with
‘ a Calm, as when *Halcyons* build their
‘ Nests; when lo! in the watry Plain, a
‘ Mountain arises, in Shape of a Nose, and
‘ forms a pretty Island; Creation seem’d
‘ to be perfected at once, for no sooner
‘ was the Island figur’d, when Houses,
‘ nay Towns and Cities appear’d in decent
‘ Order upon it. Methought, by help of
‘ shipping, I arrived there—— But alas!
‘ how great was my Consternation, when
‘ among so many stately Edifices, noble
‘ Palaces, and great Cities, I found no-
‘ thing but Noses inhabiting; how to con-
‘ verse with them, I was in a Doubt, and
‘ how to understand their Language, I
‘ was prodigiously at a Loss—— In the
‘ midst of this my Trouble, methought
‘ an honest poor *Nose* with a Pair of Spec-
‘ tacles on it, came up to me, and with a
‘ low Congee, began thus; Hail, noble
‘ Sir, welcome to this Island of *Noses*:
‘ On which, being surpriz’d to hear my
‘ own Country-Language, I reply’d——
‘ Mr. *Nose*, I know you not, however, I
‘ am your humble Servant. I see, Sir,
D ‘ says

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' says he, you are a Stranger, and to Stran-
 ' gers it is an Act of Generosity to shew
 ' Kindness, and I would not willingly be in
 ' the Number of the Ungenerous ; though
 ' I must tell you, that *Meanness* and *Ingrat-
 ' titude*, are the most fashionable Vices of
 ' this Country—— See, Sir, these Rags——
 ' How do you think I purchas'd them ?
 ' View these Scars, all cover'd with Dirt ;
 ' what think you ? On which I reply'd,
 ' Sir, I suppose you have met with some
 ' Rakes or idle Company lately—— No——
 ' no—— cry'd he, you are mistaken, Sir——
 ' These very Rags are the Rewards my
 ' Country has allotted me, for managing
 ' their publick Treasure to the best Ad-
 ' vantage ; and this stinking Dirt, which
 ' you see on me, they have flung only to
 ' hide these great and honourable Wounds
 ' that I have receiv'd, in fighting and
 ' beating their Enemies. Bless me ! cry'd
 ' I, 'tis impossible ; what thus rewarded
 ' for beating their Enemies ! how could
 ' they have rewarded you, had you been
 ' beaten your self ? I never heard of any
 ' Example like this, unless it be that of
 ' the great BELISARIUS, who was sent a
 ' begging by the Emperor, who owed his
 ' Crown, Life, and Empire to him. Puh,
 ' quoth the Nose, if that BELISARIUS were
 ' here, he would be used so again ; for
 ' *Worth* and *Honour* are banish'd this
 ' King-

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‘ Kingdom, and he that would rise and
‘ be great, must utterly despise them. To
‘ convince you farther of this, I will give
‘ you a short Description of our Country—
‘ Know then, that this Island is called
‘ *Mucteria*, and the Inhabitants of it
‘ *Mucterians*, which in your Language,
‘ signifies the Land of *Noses*. As you see
‘ we are all *Noses*, so we are govern’d by
‘ a *Nose*, what sort of one it is, I am not
‘ able to inform you, but most People sup-
‘ pose it to be of *Wax*. For it has been
‘ known to receive several different Im-
‘ pressions— And since it varies so often,
‘ to describe it, were the same as painting
‘ yonder Waves, which never are the
‘ same. There are abundance of other
‘ waxen *Noses* in the Kingdom, which
‘ change for Fashion sake, and that’s the
‘ Reason you see so many *Noses* alike. As
‘ now almost every one wears a great Bot-
‘ tle turn-up *Nose*, but t’other Day a great
‘ Hook turn-down *Nose* was most in Fashi-
‘ on. And all this happens as the great
‘ Waxen *Nose* is made to fit. Come let us
‘ walk a little, and I will shew you the
‘ City— With all my Heart, reply’d I;
‘ but pray what Company of *Noses* are
‘ these now coming along, I see there is
‘ one brazen *Nose* leads about three hun-
‘ dred of them in a String, all walking in
‘ due Order, like Horses in a Team, and
‘ they

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they seem to be mightily pleas'd; pray,
 Sir *Nose*, what may be the meaning of
 this Procession? Oh! Sir, cries my
 Friend, well minded; those are a Parcel
 of great *Noses* that belong to our Diet;
 they have been taking golden Snuff, and
 now are going to sneeze together, in the
 great *sneezing Room*, which belongs to
 the Town; for you must know, that
 we *Noses* do our most important Affairs
 now by sneezing; not but that hereto-
 fore we could talk very liberally; but it
 is now grown very much out of Fashion,
 especially in the *sneezing Room*, that I
 told you of; for a *Distemper* lately come
 from *France*, has swept away most of
 our *Palates*, and sunk our *Noses* in the
 manner that you will see, and that is
 one Reason why the high-hook *Noses*
 have of late been so much out of Fashion
 — My Friend was going on, when at
 the End of the aforesaid Cavalcade, a
 Parcel of Rabble, flat, frenchify'd,
 bridgless *Noses*, came and set upon him
 in a most base and barbarous manner, and
 with a snuffling broken Tone, call'd
 him Traytor — Upon which my friend-
 ly *Muſterian* took to his Heels, and by
 that escap'd their Fury. I could not but
 ask in a fret, why they dealt with him
 in that inhuman manner; which I no
 sooner had said, when up comes a *Nose*
 quite

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‘ quite black and rotten with the Pox,
‘ and in pieces of Words tells me, that I
‘ am a sawcy Fellow to question a thing
‘ so well known. As what, quoth I—
‘ As what, says he; why that Fellow you
‘ was in Company with, is a *Traytor*, for
‘ ’tis plain he beat the *Farts* our *Enemies*,
‘ and so prolonged an offensive War—
‘ Besides, he’s a high crooked *Nose*, and
‘ is a Traytor of course. Indeed I observ’d
‘ my Friend’s *Nose* was something high
‘ and crooked, but in all my Life, I never
‘ heard the Shape of a *Nose* urged as Treason
‘ before. In short, these vile flat *Noses*
‘ did not stay for my Answer; but one
‘ of the most stinking among them, blew
‘ himself out upon me, and then call’d me
‘ nasty Fellow, and so left me to wipe up
‘ the Affront.

‘ The Rabble were no sooner gone, and
‘ I bereft of my new Friend, when I resolv’d
‘ to ramble alone over the Island,
‘ to procure farther Information. As I
‘ travell’d, I observ’d, that though the
‘ City was wholly inhabited by *Noses*,
‘ yet the Streets were kept the nastiest
‘ that ever I saw. The Cause of which I
‘ took to be the Viciousness of the Inhabitants,
‘ who, though they are all *Nose*,
‘ yet by Means of the golden Snuff, and
‘ being maul’d off so bad with the *French*
‘ Distemper, had lost their proper and

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chiefeſt Senſe, which is *Smelling*. And
that I believ'd was the reaſon of their be-
ing reconcil'd to the *Farts*, who former-
ly uſed to ſtink in the Noſtrils of an ho-
neſt *Muſterian*.

I had not travers'd many of theſe dir-
ty Streets, but from an Eminence, I
perceiv'd a vaſt Concourse of *Noſes*, ma-
king a prodigious Noiſe; and as I drew
near, I could diſtinguiſh how ſome
hum'd like the deep Baſe of an Organ,
ſome ſnuffled like a *Scots* Bagpipe, ſome
made a ſhrill ſquawling Noiſe like a
French Hautboy; but I found they join'd in
a general Acclamation of a red *Copper-*
Noſe, which had got upon a Pinnacle of
the Queen of *Muſteria's* Palace; from
whence he blew yellow Duſt into the
Noſtrils of the *Noſes* below, and ſome-
times threw down ſome red moiſt Snuff,
much of a Claret Colour, to his Favou-
rite *Noſes*, which they greedily ſnuff'd
up; and I ſaw that upon taking this,
the *Noſes* began to look much ruddier,
and even the *Copper-Noſe* ſeem'd to have
a viſible Change, and began to ſhine
like Fire; ſo that Flames iſſued out from
his Noſtrils, which put me in mind of
the Brazen *Bulls* at *Colchis*, which *JASON*
tamed by the Help of *MEDEA*. In ſine,
the more I gaz'd on, the more fiery and
sparkling the *Noſe* grew, that at length,
from

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‘ from the Eminence where it stood, it
‘ look’d more like a blazing Comet than a
‘ *Nose*, and vast Streams of Fire issuing
‘ out of its Nostrils, lighted on the *Queen’s*
‘ *Palace*. Just at this time I heard a
‘ single *Nose*, which I fancy was of the
‘ Wooden kind, cry out that there was
‘ Fire; upon which one hundred and fifty
‘ more *Wooden Noses* cry’d, that they smelt
‘ Fire: But immediately a Parcel of *Bra-*
‘ *zen Noses* came up, and call’d them a
‘ Pack of *impudent*, mutinous Scoundrels,
‘ Villains, Devils, Hereticks, and wood-
‘ en Dogs, that pretended to smell Fire,
‘ when they were fit for nothing but to
‘ make one, and so drove them clear a-
‘ way.

‘ And now I saw and perceived in my
‘ Vision, that the Palace was all on Fire,
‘ the Flames seem’d to melt the Clouds,
‘ and the Sparkles mounted above the
‘ *Primum Mobile*—— The *Brazen Noses*
‘ themselves, began to smell Burning, and
‘ cry’d foh! what a Stink is here, has any
‘ one burnt his Cloaths; and presently a
‘ whole Drove of *Waxen Noses*, who
‘ had been silent hitherto for Fashion sake,
‘ now standing all in Drops, upon the
‘ Point to melt, cry’d out most violently,
‘ the Palace is on Fire——Fire, Fire; help,
‘ help; then began a mighty Bustle about
‘ putting it out, some fell to blowing

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‘ themselves out upon it; some spit, spaw-
 ‘ led, hawked, coughed and spew’d, but
 ‘ all to no purpose; for the *Copper Noses*,
 ‘ by whose Contrivances I saw the Palace
 ‘ was set on Fire, being mingled with the
 ‘ rest of the Rout, under pretence of en-
 ‘ deavouring to extinguish the Flames,
 ‘ threw in every now and then Sulphur
 ‘ and Bitumen, to nourish the Fire——
 ‘ Swearing, Cursing, Damning, Crying,
 ‘ Praying, Laughing, were there all in Per-
 ‘ fection. This is all your Fault, says one,
 ‘ and be d——n’d to you, if we had not
 ‘ taken so much Snuff, we should have
 ‘ smelt the Fire before now; why you rot-
 ‘ ten Dog, cries another, how can you
 ‘ pretend to smell, you bridgless pockify’d
 ‘ Puppy? As I was in the midst of this
 ‘ strange Company, of a sudden I heard a
 ‘ doleful Cry, of People weeping, snuf-
 ‘ fling, sighing and sobbing; and I obser-
 ‘ ved the great *Copper Nose*, who had been
 ‘ hitherto so submissively follow’d, left
 ‘ desolate and destitute to enjoy his own
 ‘ Thoughts, which seem’d to be melan-
 ‘ choly enough, notwithstanding all his
 ‘ Endeavours to look chearful. At length
 ‘ I espy’d my old Friend Mr. *Nose*, who
 ‘ had met me on my first Arrival at this
 ‘ Island. Oh! Sir, quoth I, some strange
 ‘ Alteration is here, but what it is, I can-
 ‘ not imagine; pray inform me, if you
 ‘ know——

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know—— Why, Sir, saysthe *Nose*, you
‘ must have seen the Palace all on Fire,
‘ which the *Copper Noses* design’d, some
‘ of them, to make their own Advantage
‘ of, but by chance, before they could
‘ come to *Help*, their great *Waxen Nose*
‘ was quite melted away, and now a no-
‘ ble wooden-hook *Nose* succeeds to the
‘ Government—— Turning then to the
‘ City, I beheld how that this Accident
‘ had made a full Discovery of Imposture
‘ and Hypocrisy. For almost every *Nose*
‘ appear’d as it really was; some *Noses*
‘ which seem’d to be perfect Wood, pro-
‘ ved now to be down-right Copper; o-
‘ thers looked like Copper, and proved to
‘ be Wood; others that had bruised their
‘ Bridges down, to look *fashionably pocky*,
‘ now raised them up again, and looked
‘ prodigious hooked, *Roman*, and sound;
‘ others that were hook’d fell flat on a sud-
‘ den. I was mightily diverted with this
‘ Metamorphosis, when, by came the great
‘ *Copper Nose*, more attended than ever,
‘ but it seem’d against his Will, and he
‘ all the way cry’d *Mortbleu*, which start-
‘ led me so, that I awak’d.

Memorandum—— To enquire what
Mortbleu signifies, and what Country
Language it is.

This

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This was Sir OLIVER's Vision: You cannot but think that the old Gentleman was much concern'd at it, and as he pen'd it down, so he often ruminated upon it, especially that part of it relating to the great *Copper Nose*, which he thought in some measure not unlike his Sons; and therefore with some Reason might apply that part of the Vision to his Son, whose *Nose* did in an eminent manner excel the common sort in Lustre, though not in Magnitude. One Day, as the good old Gentleman was sitting by the Fire, he order'd his Son to be call'd to him, and as the Butler then present inform'd me, spoke to him as follows — My dear Child ROBIN — some time ago I had a Vision, which has given me great Uneasiness, I wish it may not concern thee, my Child — But I much fear it — The Vision I have written for my own Satisfaction and Remembrance, and for thy future Information. Ah! ROBIN, I doubt the Event — Here the Knight paused a little, and after deep Sighs, cry'd — Alas! alas! BOB, thy Nose will set a Nation on Fire — And then he fell to down-right weeping — Now we do not hear that the old Man ever spoke a Word more — but certain it is, that he lived not long afterwards.

CHAPTER the Second.

OLD Sir OLIVER being dead, his Wife Dame DRUIDA took Care to breed up her Son, in the best Manner and Fashion she could——Sir OLIVER had from the Beginning provided himself with a Tutor to educate his Son, who proved to be a tractable Lad; but upon his Father's Death he began to be very obstreperous. His Mother, like most fond Women, was willing to be in the good Graces of her dear Favourite, and by that Means young Mr. POWEL had such an Advantage as to make his Mother's *Credit*, which was very good in the Neighbourhood, serve his by Ends and sly Purposes. In short, he wou'd make her say or unsay any Thing, and still the more this poor Woman doated on him, the more ridiculous he wou'd make her. The young Squire set up to be sole Manager, but how to compass it, he could not tell, unless the whole Oeconomy of the House was chang'd——In order then to effect this, having continually his Mother's Ear, he never left off complaining against one Servant or another, till by Degrees he had pick'd them all out——As in the first Place he perswaded the old Lady, that her Steward cheat-
ed

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ed her, and lessen'd her Revenue to that Degree, that she must infallibly be ruined, unless she turn'd him out of Doors, which was immediately done. And though Dame DRUIDA had given Receipts for every Penny of Money that she had received of her Rents, yet he made her believe that she never did, and perswaded her even to deny her own Hand, and to accuse her Steward of not having accounted for thirty Thousand Pounds. Now least the old Lady shou'd discover this Fallacy and Knavery, he presents her with a dim Pair of Spectacles, whose Vertues were very extraordinary: They made every Thing appear the Reverse, black was white, and white was black; great Things look'd small, and small Things great; Honesty and Fidelity, seem'd like Treachery and Knavery; Tricking, cheating and plotting, appear'd in the Shapes of Honour, Plain-dealing and Friendship; past Services and real Benefits cou'd not be seen in them at all. These Spectacles the poor Woman wore all the Time her Son POWEL had the Management of her Affairs. Her Steward was not long discarded, before the rest were all clear'd too. Her Hind or Carter was turn'd off, because he would plow the Land; for the good Woman was prevail'd with to believe that the Way to have a good Crop, was not to plow or sow at all.

Ano-

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Another Day sitting at Table with his Mother, the Chaplain, who was a sober, honest and plain Man, being indispos'd, Mr. POWEL would have him drink, and upon his Refusal perswaded Dame DRUIDA that he was a *Mahometan*, and accordingly the honest Man was banish'd the House. You see Mother, says he, how you wou'd be impos'd on if it were not for me; there is a Rogue of a Steward has cheated you of so many Thousands; there is your Hind would have ruin'd your Estate by plowing it up and beggaring it; and now this *Mahometan* Doctor had still continued here, under the Notion of a Christian, if it had not been for me. It's well you have such a Son, I assure you, Madam. Alas! Alas! my dear Boy, very true. Aye Madam, I warrant you, your Ladyship believ'd this sniveling, canting, hypocritical Mussulman had continually taken his Grace Cup off. No, no, 'twas all Legerdemain, the Duce a Drop did he ever swallow, a Pagan, a Heathen, a Devil; be sure, Madam, when a Man won't drink he is a *Mahometan*, and has no more Religion than an Horse. Upon which the good old Woman, to prove her self no Ways inclined to *Mahometism*, calls for the Butler, to bring up a Gallon of Wine, the best in the Cellar; so Mr. POWEL and his Mother sate all the Afternoon together, and drank Confusion to the Turks, till at Night

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Night they went to Bed *very good Christians.*

I need not here make a Diary, how the young Squire and his Mother did Day after Day renew their Christianity ; but thus they continued till the old Lady had a *Nose* almost as rubicund as her Son's, which did not a little shine upon the Account of this their old Religion, as Mr. POWEL call'd it. Thus our young Hero daily carous'd and fuddled his Mother, that she, good Woman, knew no other Way to Heaven than a Bumper. Wine was now become both Law, Physick and Divinity. Had she a Qualm of Conscience——Mr. POWEL cry'd, Drink Mother, drink stoutly, and immediately the Qualm vanished, like a Mist before the Sun. Had the old Woman the Tooth-Ach, Cough, Catarrh, Defluxion, the Belly-Ach, Chilblains, Gout or Rheumatism, in short, had she cut her Finger, or did her Corns pain her, presently her Son would prescribe the healing Bottle. Had any one stolen her Sheep, or Horses, trespass on her Estate, or impounded her Cattle, 'twas, drink Mother, lustily, stoutly, bravely, you will ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry ; And accordingly the old Woman quaff'd off her Cups most unmeasurably. Her Son likewise to show that he prescribed nothing but what he took himself,
swal-

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swallow'd full as large a Dose every Day of this *grand Catholicon*.

Now you are to understand that two make not so good Company as three, and therefore because they would not be destitute of a third Person, they called the old Lady's Chambermaid down to sit and tiddle with them, who soon grew to be a great Proficient in this old Religion, and could in a very little time take off a full Glas without baulking one Drop, so that all three of their *Noses* grew to be of the same Complexion with their Tiddle, which some Folks call *Claret*. Thus they cuff'd their Cups about with—— *Here's t'ye Mother— Thank ye Child—— Damn all the Mahometans— Amen— Ah! my Lady, if it had not been for my young Master here, we might all have been Hunneduns by this time—— I am sure our Chaplain was one— for I remember one Day, we had black Puddings, and he would eat none; and I ask'd him if he lov'd a roasting Pig, and he told me he could not abide it— 'Tis plain he is a Hunnedun, and I think your Ladyship have escaped a great Scouring; for had he continued here much longer, who knows what Judgments might have lighted on this House—— Here is your Ladyship's Health, and may you never fall again into Heathenish Hands— Sir, here's my humble Service to you—— Thank you, SUSAN. Thus in
this*

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this bousing, carousing, quaffing, and jolly Manner, our young Hero, Mr. POWEL, spent his time, when being of the Age of one and Twenty (though before that he was plainly at Years of Discretion) he began to pick up Acquaintance according to HORACE.

— — *Ætas, animusq; virilis.*

Quærit opes & Amicitias inservit Honori.

I wish I could add the next Verse, which is,

Commisisse cavet, quod Mox mutare laboret.

For the Truth of it is, our Squire took little Care what he did, so it served but his present Turn; this Humour brought him into an infinite number of Scrapes, as you will find by the Sequel; and being of a most ambitious Temper, that hated any Thing shou'd be done but by his Direction and Management, he was forced to strike Abundance of bold Strokes to carry him through the frequent Blunders he fell into; for he wou'd never look back or recede from any Undertaking, were it ever so ridiculous or impracticable, but through he wou'd go, depending on this Maxim, *that more Things have failed through Faintheartedness and Cowardice, than by all other Mismanagements in the World besides.* He had great
Re-

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Respect for these two Lines in HUDI-
BRASS.

*Fortune th' Audacious does Juvare;
But lets the Timidous miscarry.*

But to proceed——He had hitherto been a sad Prodigal, and covetous of nothing but Authority and Drink; but now he was taken with a small Touch of *Avarice*, which was soon perceiv'd by all the Neighbourhood, and especially his Mother's Tenants, who did not fail to make Presents to their young Landlord, in order to get better Bargains of their old Landlady; being directed in this by OVID;

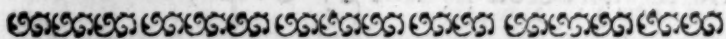
Munera crede mihi capiunt hominesq; Deosq;

Though he was tricking, cunning, and of a sour Temper, little inclinable to do much for his Clients, yet he was so mollify'd, and brought over, that good Bargains were very easy to be had, through his Means; for the old Lady did every thing as her Son advis'd her. If a Farm of five or six hundred Pounds a Year, was to be lett, the Farmer making a small Present to Mr. POWEL, of Money, and some Wine (for he hated dry Bargains) immediately the Estate was lett for two or three hundred Pounds *per Annum*. If his Mother

E want-

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wanted a Bailiff, or any other Servant to put in a Place of Trust; Mr. POWEL, for the sake of Money, would promote the most vile, profligate, unqualify'd Fellow imaginable; by this Means doubly serving himself, first, by putting Gold into his Pockets, and then by letting none be employ'd, but such as were proper Tools to be made use of. These were the Politicks, by which he was hastening on the Ruin of the good old Woman, who, instead of Money or Accounts, now and then received a Present of Wine, which pleased her so well, that she seldom enquired after any thing else.



CHAPTER the Third.

ABOUT Eleven Years before this, a Neighbouring Gentleman fell sick and died, and by a Will left to a Kinsman of the Lady DRUIDA (who was Guardian to him) a large Farm and a Mannor, which she sent to take Possession of; but another Gentleman, who had trumped up a sham Will, got Possession before her, upon which a Law-Suit began. In this Law-Suit, the Lady DRUIDA had the good Fortune to employ a very able Lawyer; and by his Skill, as well as the Justice of her Cause, she obtained

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tained seven Verdicts against her Antagonist ; so that she had nothing left for him to do, but to deliver up Possession, of what he had so long, and so unjustly detain'd, which if he did not presently do, it was not doubted, but a Decree would be obtained in Chancery, to sequester his own lawfully inherited Estate by way of Punishment, for his unjust Detainer of another's Right. But alas! how mutable is the Face of human Affairs? This Antagonist of Lady DRUIDA's, kept the Farm not in his own Possession, but in the Hands of his Grandson, who by his forged Will, was Heir to the *Testator*. He was a very crafty old Fellow, one who had been used to manage Law-Suits, by bribing the Evidence and Juries, making very light of Perjury, Forgery, or Subornation, &c. This cunning old Sophister knowing how Matters stood between Mr. POWEL and his Mother, and how well the former loved Money—Immediately scrapes an Acquaintance, and claims an old Friendship with our young Squire—Sends him a vast Cargo of Wine, and withal, a large Purse of Guineas, promising more of both, to cultivate a stricter Friendship ; adding, that it was the greatest Pity in the World, that two such Friends and antient Neighbours, should differ merely about a Trifle—— With a great deal more of such dissembling Stuff—— Our

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young Master no sooner receives this Message, with the present of Wine and Gold, but he fills his Belly with the one, and his Pockets with the other; and out of the Wine, makes a noble Present to his Mother. Then retires to his *mus'ing Room*, and having call'd for Pen, Ink and Paper, writes as follows;

My most honour'd and worthy Friend,

‘ I Send you many Thanks for your
‘ bountiful Present, which I shall en-
‘ deavour to merit—— The Wine is ad-
‘ mirable—— Your Guineas want the
‘ Scepters—— I doubt not but the Gold
‘ is true.

I am your trusty Friend, &c.

‘ P. S. The Bearer my Butler is an ho-
‘ nest Fellow—— You may confide in
‘ him, and he will let you know my In-
‘ tentions.

Having seal'd and superscrib'd this short Epistle, he calls his Butler; ‘ D'ye hear,
‘ MATT, take this Letter—— You know
‘ old Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS, that lives
‘ at the *Tile-kilns*—— Slip out at the
‘ Back.

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‘ Back-door, and carry this Letter private.
‘ ly to him— Assure him that I am his
‘ Friend— Remember to taste his Wines,
‘ and see what Stock he has in his Cellars
‘ — Make haste, and be private.

The Command was no sooner given than obey’d, by the obsequious Butler, who knew to a Hair his Master’s Mind, and therefore was the fitter for this Undertaking. Highly tickled was old SLYBOOTS with this Message, finding now all things go according to his Wishes. Therefore doubtless, honest MATT the Butler, was rewarded for his good Service. Well, MATT returns, and gives his Master a full Account of all the Transactions, which did not a little please Mr. POWEL, who, from this Hour, began to labour old SLYBOOT’S Affair to the utmost of his Power. Though indeed, before this Message by the Butler, there had been a Fellow-feeling between our Hero and the old Sophister; and the Reason why the honest Steward, laborious Hind, and religious Chaplain, were discarded, was because they were Enemies to old SLYBOOTS. Now they being out of the way, Mr. POWEL, though baulk’d hitherto in his Projects for old SLYBOOTS (having had one of his Tools in that Affair stabb’d to Death, with a *Brid-port* Dagger) yet having his Mother solely at his Disposal, with no one else to

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counsel her now; he resolv'd, whatever might be the Consequence, to carry the old Trickster's Point for him. In order then effectually to do it, he perswades his Mother, that her Kinsman shew'd her no Respect, that he was very sawcy and ungrateful, that he did not deserve her Care of him; that her Neighbour SLYBOOTS was an honest grateful Gentleman, one that she might depend upon; that his Words and Promises were *bona fide*, as unalterable as the Laws of the *Medes* and *Persians*; that the Families of the VOLPONE'S and the SLYBOOTS, had receiv'd vast and many Obligations from one another.

' You know, Mother, ' quoth he, how
' often your Family has been made wel-
' come by Sir ANTHONY—— How long
' we used to stay at his House at a time--
' You may depend on it, Madam, he has
' a lasting Respect for you—— Then why
' should not you accommodate Matters
' with him? What Reason can there be
' for not joining with those *just and honour-*
' *able Measures* he offers? He is reason-
' able—— Why should not you be so?
' He would now compound—— Why will
' not you? In short, Mother, you can get
' nothing by this *Law-Suit*, for his Wealth
' is inexhaustible, and yours already ex-
' hausted; and though you should get
' twenty

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twenty more *Verdicts*, he must cast you
' in the End : And this Risque you run
' for a Nephew that cares not a Fig for
' you. *None but Lawyers get by the Law,*
' *and tho' the Person you employ has ob-*
' *tain'd seven Verdicts for you, yet be*
' *assured, 'twas only in order to prolong*
' *the Suit.* Will you not compound
then ? The good Lady cry'd, ' I will
' compound, Dear Son, I will compound,
' Do you compound for me —— Well,
' Mother, says Mr. POWEL, I will, and
' so here is Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS'S
' Health, and Confusion to all those that
' *delight in Law*—— Immediately the old
Lady pledged him, and thought no more
of the matter, which she entirely left to
her Son's Management.



CHAPTER the Fourth.

MR. POWEL having carry'd his Point
thus far, resolv'd to strike while
the Iron was hot, that is, while he had
this good Opportunity ; therefore having
called SUSAN the Chambermaid, he leaves
her to keep his Mother Company, and a-
way he marches. First he discharges all

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the Lawyers; some he paid with Money, some he wou'd not pay at all, and to some others he gave *Bills*, which he knew would never be paid; yet these they were forced to take; and thus he sent all packing, except a few *Attorneys* that he thought were entirely at his Beck. The next thing to be done, was to procure some *Referees* to his Mind, and that puzzled him extreamly; for he knew none in the Neighbourhood, but what were too honest for his Service, and wou'd incline rather to his Mother's, than Old *SLYBOOTS's* Side. In the midst of this Perplexity it came into his Head, that at a neighbouring Town, there were a Parcel of Strolers, Fellows who got their Living by *assimilating* other Persons; these he thought, being truly *mercenary*, might serve his Purpose; and indeed he was not wrong in his Opinion, as the Story will shew you. He hies then to *Aricon* (for that was the Town's Name) and coming there pretty late, finds them at their Occupation. They were acting the *Committee*, and the Master of them play'd *TEAGUE*, or the *Faithful Irishman*. Immediately he gets behind the Scenes, there to make his Observations, and pick out those that were the fittest for his Designs; and to tell you the truth, he found them very expert Lads, for they had all at several Times acted in *Drury-lane*, and come off with a great Clap.

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Clap. The Play being over, and Company gone, he soon picks out the Master of these Strollers, and taking him aside, told him, he should be glad to spend an Hour or two in private Conversation with him, and that if he pleas'd, he wou'd present him with a Bottle of *French Wine*, *Port* being his Aversion. The poor half-starved Actor did not stay to be asked twice, but to the Tavern they jogg'd together.

It was not long before they were gotten into a profound Chat about Plays, as 'tis natural for Men to fall into Discourse of their own *Craft* and Science; but what made the Actor the more particular and circumstantial on the Subject, was Mr. POWEL's encouraging him to it, who was willing to sound the Depth of the Fellow's Capacity; knowing that if a Man be a Bungler in what he professes and was bred up to, he will scarce be capable of taking any thing off hand: besides that, he purpos'd to make the Actor mellow before he broke his Secret to him. Therefore when his Companion began to flag, he wou'd remind him—— 'True, Sir, as you say, ' *Venice preserv'd* is an admirable Comedy, I am much pleas'd with the Senate in it—— The Actor replys, Sir, begging your Pardon, *Venice preserv'd* is a deep Tragedy, tho' indeed the *Senate* is a perfect Jest: But I can assure you it is a
' Tra-

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Tragedy written by Mr. OTWAY. If you delight in Comedy, let me recommend to you a Farce of the same Poet's, the *Cheats of Scapin*; it's taken from the *French*, but looks very natural in the *English*. True, quoth Mr. POWEL, that is an excellent Farce, the *French* outdo us; I wonder we don't import more of their Sterling Wit. Indeed, Sir, so do I, quoth the Actor — Nothing can come up to that Pastoral Tragicomedy, *Noble Ingratitude*, translated from the *French*; it was printed in *Holland*, but *has been acted divers times in England*. I am sure you cannot but like it. — Then there is *Englishmen for Money*, another very pleasant Comedy: I believe it's borrow'd from *France*. Then there is another merry Comedy, tho' it has but little in it, called *Robin's Conscience*. I gad Sir, I find the People extremely pleased with it, and laugh all the time of Acting, 'tis so full of Irony. *The Isle of Gulls* too is very comical — And that other Play of Mr. TATE's, called, *The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth*, was acted with a great deal of Applause, tho' I thiuk it cannot take long with the People. — It's not to be imagin'd, Sir, how much the *Fox* of BEN JOHNSON's has taken of late. — Pray, good Sir, how do you like the Characters of
Tri-

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‘ *Tribulation* and *Ananias* in the *Alchymist*? You can tell whether they have
‘ the true sanctify’d Cant or no. Why
‘ truly, says Mr. POWEL, I like the Cha-
‘ racter of *Face* in it much the best; it
‘ seems to hit my Humour more than all
‘ the rest. Sir, says the Actor, how do
‘ you like the *Duke and no Duke*? and
‘ *The Man’s the Master*? What think you
‘ of the *True Widow*, a Comedy, and the
‘ *Ungrateful Favourite*, a Tragedy. The
‘ *Plain Dealer* also is a noble Play, how
‘ do you approve of that, Sir? A pretty
‘ good Play, says Mr. POWEL, but better
‘ to be read than acted. Very right, cries
‘ the Actor; it took mightily heretofore,
‘ but Peoples Tastes being alter’d, we
‘ have not play’d it for some Years. But
‘ there is *Trick for Trick*, a Comedy of the
‘ Ingenious Mr. D’URFY, and *The Politician*
‘ *cheated*, and *Woman’s a Weather-*
‘ *cock*, are three notable Comédies; and
‘ if you stay in Town, we will act which
‘ of them you please; or if you will come
‘ next Week again, the *Quality* have be-
‘ spoken *The Ambitious Statesman*, a Play
‘ of Mr. CROWN’S, and *The False Favou-*
‘ *rite disgrac’d*, a Play of *Monsieur D’O-*
‘ *VILLY’S*. ’Tis pity that excellent Play
‘ of BEN JOHNSON’S, call’d *Mortimer’s*
‘ *Fall*, is not finish’d. Believe me, Sir,
‘ it would please the Town extremely.
Puh!

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‘ Puh ! Pox on all Tragedies (quoth Mr. POWEL) away with them ; here’s my Service to you in a Bumper ; let us talk no more of Plays. I have something of Importance to tell you. The Actor drinking off his Glas and pricking up his Ears ; Mr. POWEL began and related his whole Design ; how he wanted some *Referrees*, but fear’d he shou’d get none to his Purpose, and clapping a Purse into the poor Actor’s Hand, tells him farther, that he beg’d his Assistance in so nice an Affair. Immediately the obliged Actor offer’d Life and Limb to serve so good a Benefactor ; assuring him that he had no need to suspect his Fidelity, Diligence, and Secrecy. In short, after some Time spent in Tippling and Talking over this Matter, they came to the following Resolution— That JACOMO (for that was the Actor’s Name) with all the rest of his Company well disguised, I mean *being all dress’d like Gentlemen*, should make the Lady DRUIDA a Visit : That they should personate People of Quality, and so be made *Referrees* in the Lady DRUIDA’s Affair. They agreed upon what Titles and Names they should go by, and what Day they should come ; then called for the other Bottle, drank that up, and so parted.

CHAPTER the Fifth.

NEXT Morning Mr. POWEL rides home, where having staid about a Day or two, he acquaints his Mother that several Persons of Quality—Sir THOMAS BACON, Sir HARRY CODFISH, Sir JEFFREY PORK, Sir ALEXANDER BEANS, and Sir WILLIAM PEASCODS, with seven more, all his very good Friends, wou'd shortly make her Ladyship a Visit. Accordingly the good old Woman provides for their Reception; and the aforesaid Persons of Quality came at the Time appointed, and were receiv'd with the utmost Respect by the Lady, and a great Deal of Complaisance by Mr. POWEL; Dinner comes in and they are all placed in Form; After Dinner the Grace Cup walks round, which is follow'd with other Cups of equal Moment; till every one begins to be cheerful, and after many Stories told, and Jokes past about, Mr. POWEL begins to tell them my *Lady's* Case, How that being tired with an endless *Law-Suit*, she was resolved now to *refer* it, and that it was the hardest Matter in the World to meet with Gentlemen fit to be made Referrees, those that were qualify'd, would seldom undertake the
Trou-

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Trouble; those that would undertake it were scarce ever qualify'd; That therefore it wou'd be a great Act of Charity in an honest Man to take upon him such an Office—That he was indeed ashamed to offer so irksome an Affair to Sir THOMAS BACON, or any of the Gentlemen there present, otherwise he wou'd have trespass'd so far on their Goodness.—In answer to which JACOMO, (now Sir THOMAS BACON) replies, O good Sir,—I am sure I shou'd hold my self ever unpardonable, shou'd I refuse my Lady DRUIDA any Thing; This is a small Service, in Comparison with what I owe her Son, and I dare answer for my Neighbours here, that they shall rather esteem it an Honour than a Trouble—Upon which all the twelve agreed to what their Foreman had said, and were upon that declared my Lady DRUIDA's *Referrees*. This being done, Mr. POWEL got his Mother to write or send the following Letter to her Kinsman CHARLES who was her Trust.

Dear and well beloved Cuz,

‘ I Greet you well, and do assure you,
 ‘ notwithstanding all Reports to the
 ‘ contrary, that I am for your Interest,
 ‘ and will not give over the *Law-Suit*,
 ‘ till

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‘till I have recover’d every Foot of your
‘Estate from young SLYBOOTS.

‘I am your truly affectionate
‘Kinswoman,

DRUIDA VOLPONE.

The next Day these noble Referrees of the Lady DRUIDA, met some others of Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS, where after they had set their Heads together, rather for Form Sake than any other Design, they came to this upright and just Award, which was easily to be expected from Persons of their Worth and Character.

The Award of the Referrees.

THAT Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS’s Grandson, shou’d have the whole Farmin Dispute between him and the Lady DRUIDA’s Kinsman, together with the Manour and all its Appurtenances, and that Sir ANTHONY shou’d be repaid the Charges he had been at by his said Grandson, but that the Lady DRUIDA shou’d bear her own. That the said Sir ANTHONY shou’d make a Present of a fine Seat on the River Side, to the aforesaid Lady DRUIDA, to be by her pull’d
down

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down, unless Sir ANTHONY shou'd at any Time intend to use it again. And farther, the Lady DRUIDA and her Servants shou'd have Liberty to walk in the Manour and Farm belonging unto Sir ANTHONY's said Grandson, provided she and they always kept in the common Roads, and the trodden Paths. And lastly, whereas the said Sir ANTHONY was possess'd of certain black Cattle, which were more Charge than Benefit to him, he therefore shou'd out of Friendship and pure Kindness transfer all his Right in them to the Lady DRUIDA aforesaid.

This Award being made, Mr. POWEL gave some Money to his *Actors*, and sent them home well contented, and very ready to serve him upon a like Occasion.

You may think this Transaction did not only astonish the Lady DRUIDA's Kinsman, who just before receiv'd the Letter from her, but it alarm'd the Country round. Every one's Mouth was full of the strange Award—Some condemn'd the old Lady, but others that knew her better only accus'd her Son—At last the Hubbub grew so great, that it reach'd the good Woman's Ears, who was in no small Consternation, for she had never heard the Truth of it before, but was so deluded by her Son's Artifices, that she knew not but that she had made a most honourable End of the *Law-Suit*.

And

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And now began young Squire POWEL's Misfortunes ; for just as this surprizing News was brought to his Mother, she fell into such a Fit of Trembling, that she let fall her dim Spectacles, which he had made her a Present of, and the Pavement being somewhat hard, they broke in Pieces. So that the Lady was forced to use her own Eyes, which she had not done before in all the Time of her Son's Management. What a prodigious Change ensued, is hard to tell——The poor Old Woman look'd about and saw every thing clearly, yet could scarce believe her Eyes open : In the midst of this Agony, she calls to SUSAN for a Dram : SUSAN comes with it, but so alter'd, that her Mistress scarce knew her——What, says the old Lady, are you SUSAN ? SUSAN upon that looking up, and seeing Lady DRUIDA had not on her Spectacles, she sets down the Cordial, and takes to her Heels. The Lady drank up the Dram, and into her Closet she goes, where she began to look over her Accounts, and Chests of Money, which contrary to her Expectation she finds empty of Cash, and stuff'd with nothing but unpaid Bills, Letters of Advice from her Friends, and Remonstrances full of Grievances from her Tenants. Some of them she reads——But not having Patience to read a Quarter of them over ; down Stairs
F she

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she goes, to look into her Family Affairs, when to her Amazement she finds all her Servants clad in Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS's Livery. This convinced her, that her Son POWEL had betray'd her, and what with Grief for her Loss of Credit, and Shame that she shou'd have been so long bubbled; she fell into a Swoon, and never recover'd out of it; but dying, left her Estate to a *Kinsman*, on whom it was entail'd after her Life, who at this Day enjoys it with great Reputation and Conduct. To avoid his just Resentment, Mr. POWEL and SUSAN fled for shelter to Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS's House.



CHAP.

CHAPTER the Sixth.

MR. ROBERT POWEL being now safe, like a Thief in a Mill, at the Old *Trickster's* House in the *Tile-kilns*, there he design'd to stay. But Sir ANTHONY, tho' he was one of those that loved the Treason, yet he hated the Traytor; and being a crafty Man, and of a quick Apprehension, he soon found, that the only way to keep his Family quiet, was to get his Friend or *Tool* POWEL out of the way. He cou'd not in Gratitude bid him go; the only way he cou'd think of, to send him packing, was to make him quite weary of the Place: Which he soon accomplish'd, by setting Spies over him, by placing no Confidence in him, and by withdrawing his daily Caresses from him; so that as a Strangeness grew between them, Mr. POWEL soon form'd a Design of Removing. Day after Day he beat his Brains in laying Plots and Schemes to answer his ambitious Designs. At last it came into his Head, that in the *East Indies* there was an Island, where several of his Countrymen from low Beginnings had quickly raised themselves to very great Riches and Honour. Thither he resolves to go, and
F 2 being

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being fix'd in his Resolution, he imparts it to two or three Friends, who having all a great Opinion of Mr. POWEL's Sagacity, were ready to run all Hazards with him. The thing was concerted, and they prepared for their Voyage, there being then three Men of War in the Bay ready to set Sail; they took their Leaves of Sir ANTHONY SLYBOOTS, who was glad at their Departure, and embarked in one of the Vessels, which soon carry'd them out of sight of Land.

And here I need not insert the Circumstances of every Day's Sail, how they steer'd, what Winds blew, what Storms, what Calms, what Capes and Promontories they pass'd, what Fish, Fowls, or Monsters they met with; because a large Account of all these may be seen in Mr. POWEL's Journals of his *East-India* Voyage, which he designs speedily for the Press. Therefore I shall only here observe to my Reader, that they all had like to have been lost; and because the Story is remarkable, and Mr. POWEL being the Occasion of the whole Danger, not designing probably to print it in his Journal, I will as faithfully as possible relate it.

The Ship they sail'd in was the *Albion*; the Captain of the Ship was a good honest Man, but wholly ignorant of Sea-Affairs—How he came to that Post I forgot

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forgot to enquire, whether his Father was Captain before him, or whether the Sailors put him there out of Love, or whether the Ship might be his own——But so it was——The Captain was a perfect Novice; yet what made amends for all, he had provided himself with a Sett of able and expert Officers under him. His *Lieutenant* and *Master* were accounted, one the best Soldier, the other the best Sailor on all the Seas; the one renown'd for the greatest Valour and Conduct in Fight, and the other for the highest Prudence in a Storm.—All the Sailors thought themselves safe, when these commanded, while the honest Captain sat and enjoy'd himself, and his Friends, over a Bottle, or a Bowl of Punch, in his Cabin. This, Sir, was the old State and wonted Management of the *Albion*, before Mr. POWEL and his Company came on board; and at this rate did they for several Years ride Masters of the Seas, beloved by Friends, and fear'd by Enemies——But alas! *Fortuna vitrea est.* Or to use HORACE'S Words,

*Fortuna sævo lata negotio.
Et ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.*

L. 3. Ode 29.

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No sooner was Mr. POWEL on board, but Dissentions arose among the Ship's Crew; for he being a true *Boutefeu*, could not help sowing Mischief wherever he came. His Companions, according to Order, ply'd it Night and Day to corrupt the poor Tarrs. And to make himself more sure in carrying on his sly Designs, he takes the Chaplain of the Ship aside, and thus harangues him :
 ' Most Reverend Sir, I always had, and
 ' always shall have, a vast Esteem for your
 ' Coat ; I highly honour you, Sir, and
 ' 'tis no more than what is due to your
 ' Deserts. Worship ought to be given to
 ' Religion, and Reverence to those who
 ' are its Ministers. It's Ingratitude not
 ' to pay a Homage to the Ambassador of
 ' Heaven, and who would be guilty of In-
 ' gratitude? For my part, had I the Ma-
 ' nagement of this Ship, the Chaplain
 ' shou'd no longer be call'd *Chaplain*, *Par-*
 ' *son* or *Priest*, but *Lord Bishop*. Believe
 ' me, Sir, *Lawn Sleeves* wou'd very much
 ' become you. I wish it lay in my Power
 ' to promote you to the Dignities which
 ' I know you deserve: But alas! why do
 ' I talk? when am I likely to be in a Con-
 ' dition to serve such Friends? My Friends
 ' are now no more respected than common
 ' Tars by your *Atheistical Lieutenant* and
 ' *sly Master*. Dear Sir, my Heart grieves
 ' for you —— I shed these Tears for your
 ' sake

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‘ fake——I can say no more——Wou’d it
‘ lay in my Power——Farewell. ——

Away he goes, and leaves the Chaplain swelled, and bloated up; that had he said six Words more, he had burst like Æsop’s Toad. LUPERCUS (which was his Name) grew in an Instant from the slender Shapes of a Trencher-scraper or Servitor at Oxford, to the portly Bulk of a *Bishop* or *Lord Abbot*. Immediately he trudges to his Cabin, where having sat some time musing on the Grandeur, Riches, and Power of a Bishoprick, he fell to composing a Sermon for Sunday. The Sermon, tho’ very remarkable, we have not by us. And from that time forward, LUPERCUS made it his whole Business to revile the *Lieutenant* and *Master*, to whose Care and Vigilance, next to God, he owed his daily Safety. He told the poor credulous Tars, that their *Lieutenant* and *Master* intended to ruin them; that they were Atheists; that they cheated them of their Pay and Provisions; and that if they were not turned out, some dreadful Judgments would light on the Ship. And that they might the more stedfastly believe him, he adds, that he was the *Ambassador of Heaven*, and if they did not believe whatever he said to them, they wou’d infallibly be damn’d.

In the mean time Mr. POWEL daily, over the Punch-Bowl, plys the credulous

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good-natur'd Captain with the like Forgeries, telling him that his Lieutenant was certainly a Traytor, and that he meant to eclipse his Glory by continually beating the Enemy; and that both he and the Clownish Master (who was indeed pretty blunt, and apt to speak Truth freely) shew'd him no Respect. Nay, that they had form'd a Design to fling him over-board, and then make the *Lieutenant* Captain; 'therefore, added he, even throw him over-board to secure your self—— But the Captain, tho' frightened out of his little Wits, was too tender-hearted for such a barbarous Enterprize, and therefore contented himself with only discharging him and all his Friends, and putting in Mr. POWEL, and whomsoever else he recommended.—— For a *Lieutenant* they vamt up a Man, who had heretofore been Captain of a Fire-ship, and least he should fight, they took away his Cutlace. The Places of Midshipmen, Master's Mates, Gunner and Carpenter, were filled with Mr. POWEL's Companions, who knew nothing of the Business. The Master's Place, which was the Management of the Sailing Part, Mr. POWEL took to himself—— So he gravely sat at the Helm. Upon this Change, great was the Alteration in the Method of Governing the Ship. In a Calm, all the Sails were immediately taken

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taken down, and furl'd. In a Storm, all the Cloth possible was hoisted; in short and breaking Seas they steer'd strait, without regarding the Land marks; in the open Main they veer'd, and so lost time in sailing. Now though every Mariner in the Ship knew better, yet according to the Proverb;

Quos JUPITER vult perdere, hos prius demorat.

They were so infatuated with a Belief of Mr. POWEL's good Conduct, and so blinded by the Perswasions of their Chaplain LUPERCUS, as to think it all for the best. The other two Men of War, that accompany'd the *Albion*, were the *Eagle* and the *Lyon*; the first a vast large Ship, but an ill and old Sailor; the latter a much lesser Vessel, new, and well built, and an admirable Sailor. The Captains of each were such, that it would derogate from their Deserts, should I attempt to give them a Character, a Jot beneath what is due to the most Prudent, Honest, Wise, and Valiant of Men. These three Ships, viz. *The Albion*, *the Eagle*, and *the Lyon*, with their Tenders, were constant Companions in all the Fortunes of the Seas; had weather'd many a Storm, and had been very merry together in many a peaceful

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ful Calm : They had assisted one another often in bloody Fight, and as they always stuck faithfully together, so they never came off but Conquerors, though their Enemies were very often more in Number. Now these Ships were bound to join in all their Enterprizes by common Consent ; and no one to do any thing, or undertake any Voyage, without imparting it to the other Two.

The *Captains* of the *Eagle* and *Lyon*, though they were not surpriz'd, to hear that the *Albion* had degraded her *Lieutenant*, having had some Notice of it, before 'twas done, and their friendly Advice upon that Occasion having been scornfully rejected ; yet they were quite astonish'd, to see the new Ways of Sailing used on Board her. For commonly when they furl'd their Sails, she hoisted hers ; when they hoisted, she furled ; when they veer'd, she sail'd strait ; and when they made the best of their way, she veer'd or tack'd—In short, they could not, as Friends, sit still, and see these ruinous Methods pursued ; but writ a Letter to the *Captain* of the *Albion*, informing him, that if he took not another Course, he would lose his Ship. But the Messenger, instead of delivering it to the Captain, gave it to one of Mr. POWEL's Companions, who put it in his Pocket, and there stifi'd it. Some time

time after this, seeing the same Methods used without Alteration, unless for the worse, they wrote another Letter, to the same purpose, which the Messenger deliver'd to the Captain himself. This put the poor Man into a Tremor for a while; but at Night, over a humming Bowl of Punch, Mr. POWEL made him quite forget it. Afterwards the *Captain* of the *Lyon*, through his speaking Trumpet, warnsthem of a dangerous Rock just before them, which, Mr. POWEL, with all the Sail he could make, steers full against, but by Chance, the Current carry'd them on one Side. By and by the *Master* of the *Eagle* gives Notice, that if they did not keep more to the Windward, they would run on the Quick-sands. *D'ye see, says Mr. POWEL, to his Captain, how sawcily they use you, and like impertinent Dogs, would direct you how to sail, they certainly were in the Plot with your Lieutenant;* and away he steers directly to the Sands, but it being high Spring-Tide, he rode over them. A short time after, a Fleet of the Enemies appear'd, but seeing these three Ships, they made off; however, being bad Sailors, they were soon over-taken; and just as the Fight was to have begun, and the new *Lieutenant* of the *Albion* was making a Bustle to get his Sword, which, *by Order*, was lock'd up from him; Mr.
Pow.

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POWEL steer'd quite away, and left the *Eagle* and the *Lyon* in the Lurch, to grapple with a very great Majority. *Pox take them, says he, let them fight by themselves; since they love fighting so well, let them even take their Bellies full of it, I assure you, noble Captain, the only way to get rid of your Enemies, is not to provoke them, not to fight them; but leave that to discontented Bullies.* And thus he made the *Captain*, shamefully, treacherously, and scandalously abandon his true and old Friends. Oh! unaccountable Folly, and base Ingratitude! But soon repaid by Divine Vengeance: For as they were making all Sail possible to *Tacupeitheia*, whether they were bound, they struck upon a Quick-sand; which, as soon as Mr. POWEL perceiv'd, he escaped with his Crew, at one of the *Portholes*, and made the best of his way. The Sailors now seeing themselves deserted by those, who had drawn them into all this Trouble, began to open their Eyes; and the Captain forthwith sent for his old *Lieutenant*, who after having a little remonstrated the Danger, advised him to prepare for another World; upon which the Captain began to weep, lament, and tear his Hair, *like a perfect Woman*; and now the Chaplain was called for to say Prayers, but he could not be found; *For as the Clergy are always careful of themselves,*

LUPER-

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LUPERCUS was fled away with his Friend POWEL. In the midst of these Straits, the *Lyon* and *Eagle* came up, having been maul'd by their *Enemies*, whom the Treachery of the *Albion* had made too strong for them. These Ships in their Flight hearing Guns of Distress, guess it was the *Albion*, which had, in running away, struck upon the Sands of *Knechtshaft*, which the *Lyon* being the best Sailor, first found to be true. As soon then as the *Eagle* came up, by Help of their Long-boats and Vessels, and by emptying her of all *Rubbish* and *Foreign Luggage*, these two Ships saved the *Albion*, without the Loss of any one Man, but the poor *Captain*, who dy'd of the Fright. Thus the *Albion* now sails with as much Honour and Power as ever, and owes her Being to those, whom she once had so shamefully deserted. And therefore, as in *Ecclesiastes*, chap. 10. ver. 16. it is said, *Woe! to thee, O Land, when thy King is a Child, and thy Princes eat in a Morning!* So we may say, '*Woe! to thee, O Ship, when thy Captain has no more Sense than a Child, and thy Officers are Sots from Morning unto Evening.*'

CHAP.

CHAPTER the Seventh.

WE left Mr. POWEL some time ago, sailing in his long Boat for *Tacupittheia*, by some call'd, *Credulous Island*, which now appear'd to them like a great Head, with two monstrous Ears erect, not unlike those, which you see upon that Beast of Gravity, called an Ass. And, as often at Sea, Inland Mountains seem to meet one another; and as you draw nearer to them, shrink their Heads, and are not seen at all; so these Ears alter'd by Degrees, and sometimes you saw but one, and by and by the Mountains vanishing, you saw none at all, and the Promontory by that Means look'd like a round Head, such as that of the Bird, sacred to MINERVA—These things Mr. POWEL took a particular Notice of, as lucky Omens of his Success in an Island, the Dispositions of whose People were so plainly represented to him already.

It was not long before they arrived at the Haven of *Oreja*, where, as soon as they came to Land, they received wonderful Civilities, and in requital, told them as wonderful Stories—How that their Ship was sunk, and they themselves like to have perish'd by Hunger, having been a
Fort-

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Fortnight in the Long-boat without Provisions, when a happy Wave cast them on that Shore. *The Maamnis* (for that is the Name of the Inhabitants of *Oreja*) being a long ear'd People, believ'd their Tale, and pitying their Misfortune, immediately fell to making them Presents to supply their Wants, and repair their Losses; so that while they stay'd there, they were ador'd by these *Gulls*, who little thought what *Pagods* they worshipped.

It happen'd about that time, that the Lady of the Mannor of *Oreja*, the Lady HILELA by Name, had an Occasion to take a Journey to *Otipolis*, the Metropolis of *Tacupeitheia*; and she being a charitable good Woman, and hearing that these Strangers were bound thither, sends Word to Mr. POWEL, and the rest of his Companions, that if he, and one Friend more, would accept of Places in her Coach, she should be glad of their Company. This kind Offer was soon accepted of by him, who never let slip an Opportunity of gratifying himself in his Life; and having hired Horses for the rest of his Gang, he went the next Morning, with his chief Crony, VENERIO, to wait on the Lady HILELA. They had not travelled many Miles together, before the Lady and Mr POWEL grew very well acquainted; (for the Truth is, Mr. POWEL knew
to

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to a Nicety, how to captivate a simple Woman) Well—— he soon found that the Lady had large Ears, and knowing that those who are endowed with such, love to be tickled there; he did not fail of using such Discourses, as pleas'd her extreamly. Besides, he observed, that her Maid (a Slut, who had gotten the Lady's blind Side) when she began to nod, officiously tickled her Ear, and then pull'd out her *Viaticum*, or travelling Bottle, and upon a Sip of it, the Lady grew as sprightly as ever. This put Mr. POWEL upon a Project of courting the Maid, who, he saw, so absolutely govern'd her Mistress; and having an Opportunity at Night, he got her good Will, and ever afterwards she was at his Devotion; *For Chambermaids are easily won*—— The next Day, who so great as the Lady HILELA, and Mr. POWEL? For her Ladyship had now a mighty Value for him, having been harangu'd a great part of the Night by her Maid in his Favour. The old Lady then breaking Silence, cries, ' Dear Sir, how happy was I to meet with such a Fellow-Traveller; had it not been for you, I had dy'd of the Spleen, and the Tedioufness of the Journey; and then pulling out a Bottle of *Millefleur*, she says, Sir, will you please to drink any of my Liquor here—— O dear, my Lady (says GUSANA DI OREJA,

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‘ OREJA, the Waiting-woman) I assure
‘ your Ladyship, the Gentleman is a Cri-
‘ tick in Cordials, and I am satisfy’d, he
‘ cannot but approve of yours, which is
‘ so good. Forthwith the Bottle walk’d
its Rounds, till it began to be at low Ebb,
Mr. POWEL, and VENERIO, by Turns,
commending the Elegance of the Taste—
This brought on a long Debate about
Cordials, one being for *Citron*, another
for *Ratafia*; but they all acknowledg’d
my Lady’s *Millefleur* to be beyond both.
In the midst of this Discourse, Mr. POWEL
whips in a Viol of a pleasant Liquor, call’d
in his Country *Dallineb*, it’s very strong,
and extracted from a *Hebrew* Root, nam’d
Bilthi-adijah. Upon his recommending
it, GUSANA DI OREJA, and then her Mi-
stress, took a large Dose of it. The Virtue
of this Liquor was, that it took away all
your discerning Faculties; and in the stead
of it, left you nothing but an Opinion of
your own Self-sufficiency. The Effects
of this Liquor, the poor Lady HILELA
soon felt; and having lost all the Particles
of Sense, which before inhabited her Brain,
she now perfectly doated upon Mr.
POWEL— It now came into his Head,
that he wou’d drive the Coach, which he
immediately acquainted GUSANA with—
Upon that, she did all that lay in her
Power, to incense her Lady against her

G

old

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old trusty Coachman, who had always driven her very safe, and never broken the way to any other Traveller, nor fail'd of keeping her Horses in the best Order— In short, he was thought the most experienced Coachman, and careful Servant, that ever sat in a Box— *But what signifies Merit, or past Services, to a blind Woman, and an ungrateful Chamber-Maid!* The next little Stone that jolted the Coach—the Maid cries— ‘ Oh! my dear honour'd Lady, do you see how JOHN drives? This he does on purpose to affront your Ladyship; if you don't discard him, he will kill you before you come to your Journey's End— Ay, says Mr. POWEL, he does it with that Design; and when he has broke your Ladyship's Neck, this Fellow will set up for a Lady HILELA. The Lady frighted at her Coachman's Ambition, bids him come down, for she had no farther Occasion for his Service. JOHN descends very dutifully, thanks his Lady, and trudges home to his Wife and Children. And then, by the faithful GUSANA's Advice, Mr. POWEL mounts in his Room. It will not be improper here to tell you, that JOHN had drove them very well all the way, and was discarded most ridiculously, within three Miles of their Journey's End. But the Change is made,
and

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and as all rash and inconsiderate Actions have their proper Consequences, so Mr. POWEL had not driven them above half a Mile, before he over-turn'd the Coach, broke it almost to pieces, and bruised the old Lady at so miserable a rate, that her Recovery was despair'd of. Mr. POWEL, and his Friend VENERIO, happen'd just at that time to be over-taken by two of their Companions, who took them up behind, and so gallop'd on towards *Otipolis*, to avoid the Rage of the Country-Mob, who were rising up in Arms, to revenge the Death of their Lady, on her Assassins.



CHAPTER the Eighth.

HAVING now brought Mr. POWEL to the End of his Voyage, I must leave him a while, to inform my Reader of the Government, Laws, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants of *Otipolis*, which I shall endeavour to perform with the utmost Brevity.

And first, as to their Government, tho' PSALMANAAZAR tells you, that it is Arbitrary, and the Lord knows what—— I do affirm, that it was like that of all other free States, which are ruled by their known and establish'd Laws.

Passing over the Customs of the Country, I shall confine my self wholly to the City of *Otipolis*, which was govern'd by a *Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council*. Now as we in *London* have a *great Horse* for our *Lord Mayor* to ride on, so here was kept a *huge Mule* for the same purpose. This *Mule* was accounted the very *Palladium* of the City; for it was observ'd, that whoever had the Possession of it, was sure of Success; therefore it was in high Esteem, and kept very choice. Besides, there went a Prophecy, that as long as the *Otipolians* had the full Possession

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sion of this *Mule*, their Enemies, the *Megalauchians*, should never overcome them. But more of this hereafter.

Their Laws were in some Measure like ours, though they differ'd much in Form and Practice. We have Attornies, Sollicitors, and Council, so have they; we have Judges, and so have they; as we have notable Juries, so have they. But then the Method of Proceeding is vastly various; for there let a Cause be ever so *right*, or *wrong*, it signified nothing, it went always for the richest, and most mony'd Man——Now because my Reader may perhaps be an ingenious Student of the *Temple*, or of *Lincolns Inn*, *Grays Inn*, *Serjeants Inn*, *New Inn*, *Lions Inn*, *Clements Inn*, or of *Thavies Inn*, or of any other Inn, where Practicers of the Law resort——I will here give him as honest an Account of the Proceedings in the *Tacupeitheian Law* as I am able. At the West End of the Town, stands a vast Pile of old Building, not unlike *Westminster-Hall*——In this Building are erected the *Courts of Justice*. In each Court, is hung a huge Pair of Scales, and on the Table in the Middle, are laid several Wands and Sticks, in Form, resembling our *Excise-mens* Gauging-Staffs——Now when a Suit commences, the *Plaintiff*, or *Plaintiffs*, *Defendant*, or *Defendants*, are summon'd

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into Court, where each produces his *Purse*, or *Purses*, which are gauged by the expert Lawyers; and then laid the one against the other, in two opposite Scales, and that, or those, *Purse* or *Purses*, which is, or are widest, deepest, and heaviest, carries the *Verdict* or *Verdicts*. For the Jury-men are sworn by God PLUTUS, to make a faithful Report to the Judge, of the Weight and Measure; and he sitting blindfold, as Justice should do, pronounces the decisive Sentence, which the Parties certainly must abide by, till *Plaintiff* or *Plaintiffs*, *Defendant* or *Defendants*, bring other *Purse* or *Purses*, to weigh against each other again; which said *Purses* are faithfully re-deliver'd to the Owner or Owners, after the Money is cleanly taken out, and distributed among the Lawyers, as a Recompence for their great Trouble.

And since I have gone thus far in describing the Law-Proceedings in the *Tacupettheian* or *Otipolian* Courts of Justice; for the Benefit of any, who shall have a Mind to practise in the said Courts, I will set down some of their most material Terms of Law, with their proper Significations.

OTIPOLIAN Law-Terms Explain'd.

J	Udgment on an Appeal	—	A	N	unfathomable Purse.
A	Common Verdict	— — — — —	A	Purse	something longer than the Antagonists.
A	Non Suit	— — — — —	A	Purse	something less.
A	Demurrer	— — — — —	A	Purse	of equal Size with your Antagonists.
Causa	Pessima	— — — — —	A	very	small Purse.
Causa	sine quâ non	— — — — —	A	Purse	full of Money.
Audita	Querela	— — — — —	A	replenish'd	Purse.
A	Premunire	— — — — —	A	Purse	with the Strings hard tied.
A	Reference	— — — — —	When	Purses	on both sides are empty.
A	Amendment	— — — — —	Putting	more	Money in your Purse.
Apertum	Murdrum	— — — — —	To	cheat	a Lawyer of his Fee.
A	fresh Suit	— — — — —	A	Second	Purse.
Non Compos	Mentis	— — — — —	A	Man	at Law.
Supersedeas	— — — — —	— — — — —	Fresh	Fees.	
Probatio	— — — — —	— — — — —	A	large	Fee.
Scire	facias	— — — — —	A	Rich	Plaintiff.
Scandalum	Magna-	— — — — —	True	Evidence.	
tum	— — — — —	— — — — —			

OTIPOLIAN Law-Terms Explain'd.

Nihil dicit	——	<i>A Hand without a Fee.</i>
A Default	——	<i>A mall Fee.</i>
Distringas	——	<i>Dues of the Court.</i>
Duces tecum	——	<i>Money or Bills.</i>
Escapium	——	<i>Avoiding the Law.</i>
Estoppel	——	<i>A Bank Note.</i>
Fledwit	——	<i>Empty Coffers.</i>
Greenwax	——	<i>Sweepings of the Court.</i>
Habeas Corpus	——	<i>When there is no Money.</i>
Hocketor	——	<i>A Deaf Evidence.</i>
Jeofaile & Replea-		<i>A little Fee mended</i>
der	—— —	<i>with a great one.</i>
Hondfangenetheif-		<i>An Attorney's Bill just</i>
		<i>paid.</i>
Ignoramus	——	<i>A Country Fore-man.</i>
In forma Pauperis--		<i>A Suit out at Elbows.</i>
Non sum Informa-		<i>The Plea of an unfeed</i>
tus	—— —	<i>Attorney.</i>
Male-faifance	——	<i>Buttoning up your Poc-</i>
		<i>kets.</i>
Lidford Law	——	<i>What they try Gene-</i>
		<i>rals by.</i>
Non est Culpabilis		<i>One that has paid all</i>
		<i>Fees.</i>
Non est Factum	——	<i>A Divorce.</i>
Bona fide	——	<i>A Man bound over</i>
		<i>without Securities.</i>
Prece Partium	——	<i>Two Fools at Law.</i>

OTIPOLIAN Law-Terms Explain'd.

Quantum meruit—	Sometimes	{ a Gallows, Wreaths of Lawrel, a Fools Coat
Rescous ———	—	A Composition.
Supplicavit ———	—	A Parchment Doublet.
Averia capta in Wi-	Rakes taken in Bed	
thernam ———	with other Mens	
	Wives.	
By-Laws ———	—	Bribes to Justice of Peaces Clerks.
Unreasonable Cu-	To get more by the Law	
stom ———	than your Counsel.	
Continuance of a	A very deep Purse.	
Suit ———	—	
Distress ———	—	Want of Money.
HONOUR AND WORDS OF COURSE	—	
CONSCIENCE —	IN TREATIES.	
Justification in Slan-	That a Man is out of	
der ———	Employment.	
Rem in Re ———	A Man in Prison.	

These are some of the *Otipolians* most material Law-Terms, and if any Person desires a farther Information, I refer him to a Book which will be speedily publish'd, call'd the *Tacupeittheian Doctor and Student*, which is upon the point of being now
finish'd

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finish'd, by one who formerly was a *Bench*er in the City of *Otipolis*, who earnestly intreated me to publish this Specimen, to help forward the Sale of his Book. Now as the Sense of this *Law*, and the Method of Proceeding in it, will appear mighty surprizing to my *English* Reader; so will the Recital of their Customs, which differ prodigiously, according to the several Parts of this their City. In one part of the Town it is a Token of Grandeur and Honour to wear a Chain; in another 'tis a Mark of Infamy and Guilt. In one part, to ride on a Horse is a Sign of Authority; in another 'tis a Punishment, and a shrewd Sign that a Man is under Discipline. In one place a Curtesan is carefs'd and fondled; in another the poor kind She is unsufferably whipt, and forced to manufacture that which is a Remedy for all Distempers, and which even she her self in time may come to make use of. At one End of the Town Women are like Men, and Men like Brutes; at another, Men are like Women, and Women like Angels. Look about, and in one place a Rose is a Sign of a Tavern or Bawdy-house; in another, a formal Token of sound Learning and deep Divinity. (Wo! unto the Time, when these two Roses shall meet, for then verily *the Church will be in danger.*) Sometimes a roaring Bull and open Mouth notifies that there is hard
by

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by a silent Meeting ; sometimes, that you may be entertain'd with that genteel and sonorous Sport called Bull-baiting. In some places horned Cattle are knock'd on the head ; in others they are revered. Here they shut up Madmen, there Rogues and Vagabonds, and in a third place they confine the honestest of Men, and all according to Custom. Here Rogues and Traytors are hanged, there they ride in State, and are even worshipped by the Executioner ; and here it is that petty Raskals are punish'd for small Faults, while great Villains are promoted and applauded for the most flagrant Crimes.

The Inhabitants of *Otipolis* are as various as their Customs ; only in this they all agree, to wit, in being self-interested, credulous, and bigotted to their Deceivers. The more improbable a Story is, the more firmly they believe it, and the greater a Lie is, the more the Liar shall be esteem'd and credited. This makes Jugglers in great Request there ; and I am informed, that the managing the *Cups and Balls*, and such Dexterities, have been accounted the fittest Qualification for a *Prime Minister of State*, in this Country.—This, without a true Knowledge of their prodigious Ignorance, may look like a Fable ; but I am satisfied of the Truth of it, by the best Hands.—And indeed the more Opportunities

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nities a *Maamin* has of being well instructed, the less he is so.—Has any one there a good Estate, whereby the Necessity of daily Labour is taken off, and he left at leisure to cultivate his Mind—Instead of applying himself to Learning, you shall be sure to find that Person flinging away his Hours and Constitution at the Tavern, Gaming-house or Stews. And the greater the Estate is, the higher the *Otipolian* is above Learning.

Infelix qui pauca sapit, spernitque doceri!

Such an one is ever surrounded with Sycophants, and base Flatterers, who like Lice tickle him while they feed on him. But this profound Stupidity is in a great measure owing to the *Bonzees* (for so the Priests of this Country are called) who think that the least *Knowledge* in a *Layman* is an Invasion on their Property, and fear, that if the Laity shou'd once come to have common Sense, they wou'd scarce maintain their Priests in a State of Luxury and Idleness, or permit them any longer to carry their Hearers to Market like Sheep to be sold. Upon this score, at *Pexowaert*, which is their University, there are scarce the Footsteps of Erudition left. The original Design of founding that Place, was for the Instruction of young Gentlemen in Logic,

gick, Physicks, Ethicks, Divinity, Law, and all other noble Arts and Sciences; but instead of these, now Smoaking, Drinking, and Whoring, are the reigning Studies there, in which the *Bonzees* themselves are as assiduous as their Disciples. They teach them indeed a Set of Principles, which, if they have a Grain of Sense, they must no sooner examine than reject. The first Virtue they preach up, is to obey their *Bonzee* implicitly in every thing; and accordingly, few dare say their Souls are their own, unless one of these gives him leave. Nor is it strange, that this blind Compliance to Priests should prevail among the ignorant *Otipolians*, when it was so remarkable in the polite Republick of *Rome*, whose Inhabitants never undertook any thing without first consulting the *Sacred Order*; but then at *Rome* (quite the Reverse of what was done at *Otipolis*) no one was made a Priest, but such as they knew was a true Friend to their Constitution and Government. It will be expected before I end this Chapter, that I should give you some Account of the *Religion* of this Nation, for the Benefit of those worthy Divines, who may be willing to leave their fat *Dignities* and *Cures* here, in order to establish the Protestant Faith in this *Credulous Island*, where they may have such Prospects of Success. The *Otipolian Religion*

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gion then is entirely Pagan, and consists of various Rites and Ceremonies.

Very few People in *England*, especially those who inhabit in or near the *Strand*, but may have a just Notion of it; their Adoration, in short, is all paid to a *Maypole*, not unlike that which is dress'd up every *May-day* by our Country Rusticks. This Custom, even among our selves, is allow'd to be *Pagan*, totally derived from our *Heathen Ancestors*, who establish'd it in honour of the Goddess *Maia*. Now the *Maamins* or *Otipolians* have no Religion but such a *Maypole*; and yet what is strangest, they keep more Noise and Clutter, and quarrel more about it, than all the *Pagan* World besides, tho' they worship a thousand more Gods than the long-ear'd *Otipolians*. Nay they all agree in worshipping and dancing round the *Maypole*, but are divided into Sects about dressing it up, and other petty Differences not worth naming. One Party is for loading the old *Maypole* to that degree, that it wou'd look more like a Mountain of Flowers than a *Maypole*, and this by continually heaping on new *Flowers*, without taking off the least wither'd Leaf of the old ones. Another Party is for taking all the wither'd Rubbish off, and dressing it neat, so that you may not only see the *Flowers*, but the *Maypole* too. A third sort are for having no Flowers at all, thinking, that

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as good Wine needs no Bush, so a good Maypole needs no Garland to set it off; and that as a great deal of Garnish does but incumber a Dish of Meat, and very often slipping into the Sauce, spoils it; so a great Variety of Ornaments hung about the *Maypole* does but adulterate their Religion. And! as they differ about the manner of dressing up their *Maypole*, so do they about the Manner of worshipping it. It's true they all agree in Dancing, which is the main Point; but some, be the Weather ever so cold, will dance in their Shirts, and have a Bagpipe play briskly to them most of the Time. Others again, as if it were for Contradiction-sake, tho' in the Middle of the Dog-days, will dance in great Cloaks, without one Semiquaver to cheer up their sultry and sinking Spirits. These little Dissentions in Opinion set them at such a variance, that unless the Laws restrain'd them, they wou'd soon knock one anothers little Stock of Brains out. The *Bonzees*, who are the Priests of the *Maypole*, are the most violent, and they differ among themselves, not so much about the Dress of the *Maypole*, as about a *Weathercock*, which stands on the Top, to shew which way the Wind blows. The maddest of the *Bonzees* are for taking that down, and placing in its stead a *Great Goose*, which they would send for from the Capitol

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Capitol of *Rome*, and which they say will shew which way the Wind sits much better. Others, who are most moderate, are for keeping the *Weathercock* where it is, alledging, that it has not fail'd to shew the Wind ever since it was placed there, which is two hundred Years ago; therefore they are against putting on a heavy *Goose* in the room of it, whose Weight may perhaps break down their antient *Maypole*. There are other *Bonzees*, and those not a few, who being neither for the *Weathercock* nor *Goose*, would fain sit on the Top of the *Maypole* themselves.—But this Project is so wild, that they dare not openly avow it, for fear of being clapt up in a dark Room with some clean Straw; a Place too good for such ambitious Madmen!

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CHAP.

CHAPTER the Ninth.

AND now we return to Mr. POWEL, who is by this time arriv'd with all his Companions safe at the City of *Otipolis*; and coming in at the West End of the Town, he sets up at a very great Inn, the Sign of which, they say, was the *Thistle and Crown*. The Landlord was a very plain Man, and as he himself was exceeding honest, so he hated Tricking and Knavery. At this Place Mr. POWEL continued some time without doing much Mischief. It is true he would often, according to his laudable Custom, play some little fly Pranks; but the Landlord thinking him honest in the main, past all these *Peccadillo's* over. At last Honest WILLIAM, the Landlord, found him out, and was going to turn him away, had not the cold Hand of Death prevented him on a sudden.

On WILLIAM's Decease, his Sister took the Care of the Inn upon her——She was a very good Woman, but had not by a great deal so much Insight as her Brother, which gave Mr. POWEL greater Opportunities of accomplishing his pernicious Designs.



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No sooner had my new Landlady settled the Affairs of the House, but Mr. POWEL, through the Means of the Bar-keeper, whom he had wheedled into a Friendship for him, was crept into her Favour ; so that when the House was empty, they used to drink a Bottle together. In short, such Amity there was between them, that she never undertook any thing without Mr. POWEL's Advice. All Servants were taken or dismiss'd, all Vessels tap'd, or Drink brew'd, as he directed. In short, he was the infallible Oracle that guided every thing in this Inn, which by his Means soon fell into Disorder and Confusion. At last the *Sign* did not please him, and finding the Landlady unwilling to pull it down, he harangued her thus : ' Madam, had I not  
' the greatest Respect for you of any Man  
' living, I should have held my Peace——  
' But when your Interest is so much *at my*  
' *heart*, and I perceive your *Sign* to be  
' so detrimental to your Business, I cannot  
' but imploy all my Rhetorick to perswade  
' you to pull it down. The whole World,  
' *Madam*, is a *Sign*, we all live by *Signs*,  
' and he that has a *Bad one* can never  
' thrive. Does not the Courtier live  
' by the *Sign* of Sincerity ? the Citi-  
' zen by the *Sign* of Uprightness ? the  
' Tradesman by the *Sign* of fair Dealing ?  
' the Lawyer by the *Sign* of Justice ? the  
' Phy-

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‘ Physician by the *Sign* of Ability? and the  
‘ Priest by the *Sign* of Religion? Shou’d  
‘ they but paint *Tricking, Hypocrisy, Coze-*  
‘ *nage, Ignorance, Quackery, Atheism and*  
‘ *Debauchery over their Doors*; JOVE have  
‘ Mercy on them! they wou’d be as much  
‘ avoided, as a House that has written o-  
‘ ver it, Here is the Plague.

‘ Your *Sign* is the *Thistle and Crown*, but  
‘ why a *Thistle*, Good Madam? Asses  
‘ love *Thistles*, wou’d you have Asses only  
‘ for your Customers? I know you wou’d  
‘ not; then why a *Thistle*?—a prickly  
‘ *Weed*—Ah, Madam! blot it out as a  
‘ Shame to your *Sign*, and since you wou’d  
‘ have a prickly thing, take a *Rose*, a Flower  
‘ which pleases both *Sight and Smell*. Be-  
‘ sides, is not the *Rose* an ornamental Part  
‘ of your *Maypole*, and therefore of your  
‘ Religion too? And do not the *Bonzees*,  
‘ in imitation of this *Maypole*, stick their  
‘ Turbants round with Flowers; nay with  
‘ this very Flower? Believe me, Madam,  
‘ a large *Rose* stuck in a Turbant is a cer-  
‘ tain *Sign* of a Religious *Bonzee*, and of-  
‘ ten the only *Sign* that distinguishes him  
‘ to be so —Then use my Advice for once;  
‘ take down your *Sign*, and paint the  
‘ blooming *Rose*; you cannot miss of the  
‘ Custom of all true *Pagans*, who have  
‘ any Value for an *Orthodox Sign*.

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My Landlady, now convinced, pull'd down her *Sign*, blotted out the *Thistle*, and in its stead painted the *Rose*: This pleased some, displeased others, and made a third sort think her crazy. But so it happen'd, that by it she lost all her *old Customers*; for they having long Ears, and being pretty much of the *Ass-kind*, were greatly affronted at having their beloved *Thistle* blotted out. My Landlady however had in their room some of the most tipling, sotting, drinking Customers in the whole City—I mean the *Bonzees*, who tho' they look'd Reverend, Godly and Sober, yet love dearly (under the *Rose*) to soak and fuddle their Noses in a Glass of good Wine. But at the End of the Year, when the good Woman came to cast up her Accounts, she found her self in a fair way towards Ruin by these new Guests. For tho' they drank liberally, they always found one Shift or other not to clear their Score, and at last combin'd together not to pay her one Farthing, unless she wou'd give them Security, that none but *Bonzees*, or whom they introduced, shou'd have one Drop of her Wine, or even be admitted within her Doors. This mad and unjust Proceeding, made her regret the Loss of her old Customers; and therefore after having warned away the *Bonzees*, and their Companions, she blotted out the *Rose*, and  
again

again painted the *Thistle*. This soon brought her old Friends about her again, who immediately made her grow very rich, by paying all their Reckonings before-hand. In short, the good Landlady was so overstock'd with Money in a short time, that it perfectly burnt in her Pockets. But farther, these *Customers*, to persuade her how different their Temper was from that of the persecuting *Bonzees*, and that they were willing to do her all manner of Service, desired her to paint a *Rose* and a *Thistle* together upon the same *Sign*, which she did—and according to Expectation a good Trade ensued, and she began to be the Credit of her Profession, and the Envy of her Neighbours. But alas! what mortal Glory has not its Period? My Landlady, as Riches flow'd in, began to forget her former Errors, and Mr. POWEL, who had been out of favour on account of his ill Advice, was privately, by means of his trusty Wench the *Bar-keeper*, brought more into her good Graces than ever. He no sooner was in play, than he persuaded the good Old Woman, that the *Thistle* was not well painted, and had it new drawn, but so like a *Rose*, you could not know the one from the other, and writes over it, *This is the Thistle*. This past upon the long-ear'd Customers pretty well; for the reading what was



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written fully satisfy'd them. And here I cannot omit an old Story something of this nature, of an Inn-Keeper, who had painted *an Owl in an Ivy-Bush*, and least it should be taken for a Reflection on King CHARLES the Second, he writ under it, *This is not the Royal Oak*. It wou'd be endless to recount what Absurdities Mr. POWEL drew his Landlady into, and how she became by it the Jest and Contempt of all that knew her. But this did not satisfy Mr. POWEL's Ambition, who never cou'd be contented till he had the sole Management. To procure which, he contrived to poison her, by putting into her Evening's Draught a soporiferous Herb called *Necedad*, on which the poor Woman went to Bed, and as some think, never after open'd her Eyes. Immediately Mr. POWEL and the *Bar-keeper* divided the Spoil, and fell to managing the House, telling their Customers, that their Landlady had the Gout, and cou'd not come down Stairs; but that they shou'd be as well served, as if she were below in the Bar her self. In the mean time, they poison'd and adulterated every thing in the Cellar, so that in a little time the whole Town was in an Uproar, some died, some were distracted, some had the Head-ach, some the Heart-ach, some the Gripes, some were bound, some were loose, some had the Cholick, some the Gout,  
some

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some the Stone. In short, the People, tho' most of them none of the wisest, began to find themselves miserably impos'd upon, and having assembled themselves together, they took a Resolution of being revenged upon this *Usurper* POWEL, who had given them the poison'd Wine ; and away they march'd directly to the Inn, where when they came (Mr. POWEL, LUPERCUS, and the rest of the Gang being slipt out at the Back-door) they found none but the Landlady stretched out at length on the Bed, whom they cou'd not with all their Art restore to Life, her Senses having left her a great while before they came to her Assistance.



## CHAPTER the Tenth.

**I**N a certain Street in *Otipolis*, a rich Widow lived in great Reputation with all her Neighbours; her Riches and good Name, but chiefly the former, brought many Courtiers to the House, and among the rest, a crafty Old Fellow, named *PERFIDO*, a Mercer by Trade, one of a litigious Temper, ever encroaching; who had by the Largeness of his *Purse*, cast several of his Neighbours, after having forcibly ejected them out of their own Houses; and by this Practice had gotten a very great Part of the Street he lived in, into his Possession: For when he saw a handsom House, he immediately order'd his Servants to break open the Door, and then he himself entering, turned out all those that he found inhabiting; nor durst they sue him in an *Otipolian* Court of Justice, knowing that their *Purses* cou'd not come in competition with his. Well—the *Widow's Riches* seem'd exceeding desirable to old *PERFIDO*, and resolv'd he was, that if he cou'd not by fair, he wou'd enjoy them by foul Means; but the Widow perceiving his Design, soon discarded this mercenary Lover. In Revenge, *PERFIDO* trumps up a sham Title,

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Title, and sends a *pretended* Owner to take Possession of her House, but to no purpose. Sometime before this, a Neighbour dying, and the next Heir not being then in Town, PERFIDO broke into the House and Gardens, and has ever since kept Possession by his *Bayliff*, of all, but one Farm, the Tenants of which refuse to atturn. Not contented with this, the old Rogue also gets into a Backside, which belong'd to VANHERRINCK, a Fishmonger, and seiz'd all his *back Buildings and Ware-houses*, and had come into the Dwelling-house it self, had not VANHERRINCK, by his stout Resistance, prevented it. The *Widow*, whose House was next to VANHERRINCK's, being sufficiently provoked by PERFIDO's trumping up a sham Title to her Estate, and fearing to have such a troublesome Neighbour, sent her Servants, who assisting VANHERRINCK, recover'd for him his Backside and Ware-houses instantly. This remarkable piece of Service work'd very considerably upon the *Fishmonger*, who fail'd not to express daily his grateful Sense of the Widow's Relief. This Gratitude soon grew up to a great Friendship, and that Friendship into Love, with which poor VANHERRINCK was violently seiz'd, and began to see in his Female Neighbour thousands of Charms altogether invisible to every body else



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else—— Now VANHERRINCK, as to his Person, was not very captivating, being a thick, clumsy made Man, one of a clownish rough Carriage, a slovenly Aspect, and a very odd Gait; for when he walk'd, he either swing'd his Hands, as if he was rowing a Boat, or held them in his Pockets. His Doublet was commonly greazy, and lined with poor JOHN; his Trowsers or Breeches, whose Inside was dry'd Cod, were of an immense Size, for VANHERRINCK's Posteriors were the largest that ever were seen, and rather bigger than the rest of the Man, which made the Wags say, as he walk'd the Street——*There goes an Arse of a Fellow*—— However VANHERRINCK took no notice of such Jeers, and instead of being ashamed of his Posteriors, valued himself upon them, calling them his *Netherlands*. He was a very great Manager, and wou'd put Pitch and Tar in his *Travelling Shoes*, in order to keep out the Wet; however, he was a sensible Man, a very good Neighbour, and a rich Trader. And being now in Love, he spruced himself up like a Country Bumpkin, on a Revel Day, and so habited, he went to visit his Mistress the *Widow*, who gave him so kind a Reception, that never Courtier had a fairer Prospect than he. At length he grew so intimate with her, that neither of them did any thing  
without

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without the other's Advice; and for their mutual Benefit, they joined Stocks, to make a large *Purse*, to produce in Court against *Old PERFIDO*, whom they resolv'd to prosecute, till he deliver'd up all those Houses in the Street, which he unjustly had detain'd from the rightful Owners. This they had in a great measure effected, for by the Help of their joint Cash, they commonly produc'd the largest *Purse*, to the Confusion of the old Barretor *PERFIDO*.

Now though they were next Neighbours, yet scarce a Day past, but *VANHERRINCK* wrote to his Mistress, or she to him. The Copies of two of them we have by us. The first is *VANHERRINCK's* to the Widow.

*My*

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*My Dear Lady;*

**I** Hope you are well, as I am, at this  
present Writing, I repose an entire  
Confidence in your Friendship, which  
you have so often, and so solemnly pro-  
mis'd me, and which I will all my Life-  
time endeavour to deserve: May ten  
thousand Tun of Devils take me, if I am  
not ready to venture Life and Limb to  
serve you.

*I am,*

*Dear Madam,*

*Your obliged humble Servant,*

VANHERRINCK.

To this the Lady return'd the following  
Answer.

*Dear Sir,*

**Y**Our Confidence in me is not ill-  
grounded, I assure you. My  
Inclinations are entirely for entertaining  
a constant Union and Friendship with  
you; and every Promise. I have made to  
you,

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‘ you, shall be inviolably maintain’d. I  
‘ am resolv’d also to concur with you in  
‘ all such Measures, as shall be concerted  
‘ for our stricter Alliance together, and  
‘ for keeping old PERFIDO at a greater  
‘ Distance from us, which cannot be done,  
‘ unless we take from him the Houses he  
‘ enjoys in this Street, without any legal  
‘ Right. Good Mr. VANHERRINCK, be  
‘ you satisfy’d, that I shall for ever look  
‘ upon your Interest and mine as *insepara-*  
‘ *ble*. For as I take it, we are linked to  
‘ each other by a Chain of such Promises,  
‘ as cannot be broke through with a good  
‘ Conscience.

*I am Yours,*

MARTINETTA MARRALL.

These two Epistles, which I have here inserted, are a sufficient Demonstration of the loving Correspondence that past between these two Persons. Well——

’Twas to this *Widow* Mr. POWEL came, who being a drift, and all his Money being spent, offer’d his Service to her as a Footman, and she unluckily received him; but soon after taking a Liking to him, she advanc’d him to the Post of her Steward. He was not long in that Post,  
before



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before he took a Disgust at poor VANHERRINCK, whether it was, because he did not greaze his Fist as much as he desir'd, or whether his Honesty and Plainness offended him, I cannot tell; but so it was, that he resolv'd to do him all the Damage that lay in his Power. In order thereunto, he gets acquainted with old PERFIDO, who being over-joy'd at having so good a Friend in his Mistress's House, stuffed him with Money, so that Mr. POWEL had quickly all the *Widow's* Servants, and particularly the Chamber-Maid, at his Beck. Her, Master POWEL instructed how to harangue her Mistress, against her Suitor VANHERRINCK, telling her, what a slovenly ill-manner'd Beast he was, what a huge Pair of Buttocks he had, which ought by-right to be chopp'd of; and that he meant nothing but filthy platonick Love; the Chambermaid observ'd his Directions to a Hair, and soon had wrought in her Mistress such an Aversion to the Fishmonger, that he was banish'd her Affections; as soon as Mr. POWEL found that, he sends PERFIDO this concise Note.

S I R,

S I R,

‘ **D**Elays are dangerous—— My Mi-  
‘ stress now is in a right Cue——  
‘ Come and succeed.

*Tours, &c.*

The old Lover, sans more ado, drest himself, came away, and according to Information, finds the Lady in a Disposition proper to receive him; he, upon this, to ingratiate himself the more, being a Mercer by Trade, presents her with a very rich Piece of Silk, which, with other vast Promises of Equipages, Foot-men, Liveries, Coach and Horses, &c. so won the Lady, that a Match was concluded on, and all the *Widow's* Proceedings against *PERFIDO* stopp'd; so that poor *VANHERRINCK* was left to scuffle with his encroaching Neighbour by himself. However, the Lady thought her self obliged, after so much Encouragement given him, to assign some Cause for this sudden Change, and therefore writes him the following Letter.

*Mr.*

Mr. VANHERRINCK.

‘ **I** Assure you, I have the greatest Kind-  
 ‘ nefs for you imaginable; your In-  
 ‘ terest is inseparable from mine —  
 ‘ Depend on’t, Sir, I love you extream-  
 ‘ ly — But my Mind is chang’d, and I  
 ‘ take my self to be totally disengaged from  
 ‘ you — I am resolv’d not to have you;  
 ‘ but ’tis your Fault, if you have not me—  
 ‘ I am *always the same*; you are lamenta-  
 ‘ bly unsteady, Mr. VANHERRINCK, I  
 ‘ wonder you cannot keep your Word,  
 ‘ you faithless Fellow, while I am con-  
 ‘ stantly,

*Your steady Loving,*

*Disengaged faithful Mistress,*

MARTINETTA MARRALL.

At the Receipt of this Epistle, Mr. VAN-  
 HERRINCK was quite confounded, but ha-  
 ving cheer’d his Spirits with a large Dose  
 of *Battavian Arrack*, he scrawl’d this  
 long Letter.

*Madam;*

*Madam;*

“ **A**FTER so many Proofs of your kind  
“ Love, after so many Marks of  
“ your Affection, I cannot but be astonish’d  
“ at your last Epistle; Madam, I protest  
“ before all things, that I have the truest  
“ Friendship and sincerest Affection for  
“ you. And desire nothing more than to  
“ be marry’d—— And adad, I wish you  
“ wou’d try me——you should not re-  
“ pent it. I shall not pretend to describe  
“ to you the Nature of a Love-Engage-  
“ ment, especially now, that you declare  
“ your self disengaged from every Obliga-  
“ tion with regard to me—— But your  
“ Ladyship’s Penetration, may give you a  
“ large View of ill Consequences, attend-  
“ ing broken Vows, which the *Goddeſs*  
“ VENUS certainly revenges on all faithless  
“ Lovers. Pray, Madam, will you read  
“ over all your Letters, will you recollect  
“ all your repeated Assurances of eternal  
“ Love and Friendship to me. Think  
“ how often we have engag’d our selves  
“ to one another, to which the Gods are  
“ Witnesses, and think of your present  
“ Declaration of your being disengaged;  
“ think, I say, on this, and then tell me,  
“ if for no other Cause than a bare Alte-  
“ ration



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' ration of Opinion, any Person who has  
 ' been so solemnly united, and so strongly  
 ' tied by Oaths and Promises, should  
 ' quit all his Engagements, and pronounce  
 ' himself disengaged from all his Obligations,  
 ' there can be any Tye so strong,  
 ' which may not at any time be broke; or  
 ' any Engagement so strict, that it may be  
 ' rely'd on for the future—— Well,  
 ' you have alter'd your Mind, and that's  
 ' Reason enough you say—— How you  
 ' came to do so, I cannot conceive; for  
 ' upon the strictest Examination of my  
 ' Conduct towards you, I cannot find the  
 ' least Grounds for that Dissatisfaction,  
 ' which you express in your Letter. I am  
 ' sure, from the very Beginning, I have  
 ' shew'd you all the Deference you could  
 ' desire from a Lover. I always carefully  
 ' sought after your Affection, and cultivated it——  
 ' Ay, marry did I—— and to a very good Purpose——  
 ' Alas! poor VANHERRINCK, thy Dream is come to  
 ' pass, I doubted there was no good bodded thee by it.  
 ' Perhaps your Ladyship may be able to explain it better  
 ' than I, and therefore I will venture to send it you.

' The other Night, as I lay asleep, methought I made you a Visit—— At my  
 ' Entrance into your Chamber, my Nose  
 ' was accosted with a noisome Smell,  
 ' which

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‘ which, as I drew near to you, I perceiv-  
‘ ed, was occasion’d by a vast over-grown  
‘ Leek stuck in your Bosom—— Bless me,  
‘ cry’d I, Madam, what do you do with  
‘ that noisome Vegitable, ’tis the only  
‘ thing I hate—— It makes you stink all  
‘ over the House—— Foh—— This said,  
‘ Colour arose in your glowing Cheeks,  
‘ and Anger darted in Flashes from your  
‘ piercing Eyes, and in Words unknown  
‘ in Love’s Academy, you thus reply’d—  
‘ Thou *Pond-robber*, thy stinking Fish  
‘ smell worse, dar’st thou, to such an odo-  
‘ rous fragrant Flower as this, the Com-  
‘ panion of the blooming Rose, and pale-  
‘ faced Lilly, add the Epithet of Noisome?  
‘ To this, in humblest Manner, I retur-  
‘ ned—— Madam, my Eyes and Nose  
‘ have both deceiv’d me, if that now stuck  
‘ in your Bosom, be not a Leek—— A  
‘ Leek, Madam, that makes you *stink*,  
‘ nay, *stink* like that *Roman Emperor*, who  
‘ for his immoderate Love of Leeks, was  
‘ term’d *Porrophagus*. With that you cry’d,  
‘ Miscreant, be gone, *from thee I am dis-*  
‘ *engaged*—— These dismal Words a-  
‘ waked . me. This is my Dream,  
‘ which I leave your Ladyship to inter-  
‘ pret, and remain,

*Your sincere Friend and humble Servant,*

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In Answer to this long Remonstrance,  
the *Widow* sent the following Epistle.

Mr. VANHERRINCK ;

‘ **M**Y Conscience is as clear as a new  
‘ rubb’d Room, for I am sensible  
‘ I have not broke my Word to you in the  
‘ least—— But you have broken yours,  
‘ and I think of it with Pleasure—— I tell  
‘ you I am entirely disengaged from you  
‘ for ever—— And it will be your own  
‘ Fault, as it has hitherto been, if we  
‘ don’t continue our Loves—— Though  
‘ I tell you, I never will love you; for I  
‘ take it very much amiss, that you sent  
‘ your last Letter by the *Town-Crier*—— Me-  
‘ thinks you might have dispatch’d one of  
‘ your Servants, or brought it your self,  
‘ you *heavy-ars’d Fellow*—— Then take  
‘ this for a final Answer, for I will make  
‘ you no Answer at all. I am your sincere  
‘ Friend, on whom you may confidently  
‘ rely,

MARTINETTA MARRALL.

Whe-

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Whether VANHERRINCK made any Answer to this, I know not; but he being now left alone, and having not a *Purse* sufficient to contend with PERFIDO; that old Rogue took this Advantage, and broke into his House without much Bustle; the Widow having before threaten'd VANHERRINCK, to send her Purse against him, if he resisted. By this Means PERFIDO easily enter'd his House, and finding the poor Fishmonger defenceless, lays him down upon a Block, and chops off a great Slice of his Buttocks, and carry'd it in Triumph to his Mistress, who only observ'd that TALICOTIUS would now have Stock of *Nose Timber* for his Journey-men.

And now PERFIDO, by Mr. POWEL's Means had inveigled poor Mrs. MARRALL so far, that the Day for celebrating their Nuptials was appointed, and Consummation long'd for by both Parties; when on a sudden, she was taken with a violent Fit of a Palsy, in which she was heard to say faintly, and with a trembling Voice—— Undone—— Sold—— poor Creature—— faithful Lover—— Rogue PERFIDO—— Ah—— good abused VANHERRINCK—— Oh the vile Dog POWEL—— and with those Words she fainted away, and soon after dy'd—— Leaving a worthy Gentleman as her Heir, who 'tis hoped will sufficiently



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revenge himself on that Rogue PERFIDO. But before he cou'd lay hold of the Authors of all the Mischief, Mr. POWEL, and the *Chamber-maid*, they were fled away in a Disguise out of his Reach.



CHAPTER the Eleventh.

**L**IFE it self is *Motion*, and Stagnation is the End of it ; for when the Pulse ceases, and the Intestines loose their vermicular and peristaltick Rotation, the Person is dead. Man is an Epitome of the *World*, and *the World* is but a Man at large. Active and volatile Men, are the most subtile Particles, the *Pulse* and Spirits of that Body, which though asleep and nodding ; yet these are twisting, beating and turning, by which we know this LEVIATHAN to be alive. Now as the Spirits or acrimonious Pieces of human Body, never cease their Agitation, or let slip any Opportunity of inflaming the Part, be they lodged in an extraordinary manner, either in the Head, the Arms, the Body, or the Heels ; so these active, turbulent People,  
be

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be they in a Degree ever so conspicuous or obscure, yet their Minds and Endeavours, like the *perpetual Motion*, are never at rest till the Materials are worn out— This was the Case of Mr. POWEL, who tho' turn'd a drift, and reduced to the very Heels of the World, yet could no more confine himself to the humdrum Way of Living, practis'd by the Vulgar, than an ALEXANDER cou'd contain himself in the small Kingdom of *Macedon*. Mean Employments he was not bred to, Art and Ingenuity were his Talents, and being resolv'd to mount above the common Herd, he sets up the laudable Trade of a Juggler— He hired himself a House, and wrote over his Door in large Characters; HERE LIVES THE PLAIN DEALER, WALK IN AND BELIEVE YOUR EYES. Many walked in, and believed their Eyes, and so were deceiv'd, for his Tricks were manag'd with great Dexterity, by the Help of LUPERCUS, VENERIO, and MAURUS, his Confederates. Not to mention the *Cups* and *Balls*, which are known by every Pretender to *Legerdemain*, he was excellent at all Tricks on the Cards, commanding and altering the Colours as he pleas'd, without even touching them. A *Queen of Hearts* he would blow upon, and turn her presently into a *black Knave*, nay, he

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would make a whole Pack turn all *black Cards* ; and I have often heard that he has made the Pack *Asses, Kings, Queens, Knaves*, as he pleas'd, and all this by a *Powder of Pimp*, or the Touch of a *Notch'd Stick*, of which he had Plenty by him, and found them very powerful in Conjurations of this sort. He wou'd likewise pretend by the black Art, to read the Destinies of People, and in order to gain Credit as to Futurity, he told them several Passages of their past Life, which he knew by his Spies, that were planted almost in every considerable Family of *Otipolis*. Nay farther, he had by his ingenious Brain, contriv'd an enchanted *white Staff*, that he commonly carry'd in his Hand, the Vertue of which was such, that at Pleasure, he could set all the Company by a Touch, either a Singing, Crying, Laughing, Dancing, Rhyming, Lying, Panegyriizing, Lampooning, Railing, writing Pamphlets, Fighting, or *running away*, &c. And whereas a certain Practitioner, in the Art of clean Conveyance, will, out of a *Bag*, turn'd Inside out, and stamped upon, produce you a live Hen, with a great Number of Eggs. Mr. POWEL shall do more, for he shall put into a Bag a *stout English Bull Dog*, and by and by, he shall come out a *perfect Cock*.

This

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This is look'd upon by the *Otipolians*, as a very stupendious Miracle, they not considering the near Affinity that there is, between a true *Bull-Dog*, and a right Game Cock; and indeed, 'tis no wonder, if ordinary Capacities are surpriz'd by the uncommon Operations of *natural Magick*. But to us, *Vere Adepti*; nothing appears more plain, than that a *Bull-Dog*, and a *Game Cock* differ in nothing but *externa specie*, being both comprized under the *Genus*——*Animal*——*Andax*——*Ferox*——*Pugnax*—— And that their *Tunicks* or *Pellicles*, may, by proper Applications, be reduced to an Identity; and least you should take this for a Story of a *Cock* and a *Bull*, and because the *miraculous Nostrum* shall no longer be bury'd in Obscurity, to the great Detriment of the occult Sciences, and to the retarding the glorious Progress of *modern Learning*, I will here set down this Receipt for Transmutation.

℞ *Levitatis volantis* ℥ij. *Perfidia vere Gallica* decies sublimat *Perjuri* à ℥j. *Malivolentia vel invidia irrequerissima* Sex Manipulos, *Ingratitudinis* ℥ijj. sine scrupulis, de repetundis vel muneribus MACEDONICIS,



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CIS, more PHILLIPICO, impensis quantum sufficit—Fiat tritura mortario servitudinis durissimo Tyrannidis Pistello.

M. F. S. A. M.

This was the great *Nostrum* Mr. POWEL used, and having the Medicine by him, he never failed of his pretended Miracle; for when ever he gave the Dog this Dose, it instantly did his Business, and infused those *Cockish* Qualities, which before the *Quadruped* wanted. The *Levitas volans* changed his fore Feet to Wings, and his Hair to Feathers. The *Perfidia* metamorphos'd his Mouth, Head, and Ears, into Bill, Comb and Gills; the *Perjurium* gave him Crowing instead of Barking; the *Invidia* made him Cunning instead of Bold; and the *Repetunda* finished the Work, by giving him all the other Qualifications necessary for a Cock.

*Thus how great is the Power of Herbs!*

But to return to the Story, Mr. POWEL had by these Means acquired great Reputation, few thinking his Performances less than Wonders.

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I forgot to inform my Reader, that Mr. POWEL, and his Companions, LUPERCUS, VENERIO, and MAURUS, just upon their coming to Town, chang'd their Religion, and from *Christians* became *Pagans*, that being, as I before inform'd you, the Religion of the *Maamins*; and they never admitted any one into a Place of Trust or Profit, unless he were a *Pagan*, which I suppose was the main Argument, by which our Travellers were converted. For according to the *Orthodox Opinion* of a learned *Divine*, Mr. POWEL and his Companions, used *their Conscience like a Pair of Breeches, which, though a Cover for Lewdness and Nastiness, is easily slipt down for the Service of both.*

About this time there was a *Lord Mayor* that govern'd the City of *Otipolis*, an honest, but a weak Man, and one who was entirely ruled by his Servants, nor was that regretted at present, for they being faithful and wise, advanced his Credit and Reputation, all the time they were in the Management of his Affairs, which was much the greatest Part of his *Mayoralty*.

To this *Lord Mayor*, by Means of his vast Interest with the common People, Mr. POWEL was recommended. But my Lord's Servants being Enemies to *Juglers*, exerted

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exerted their whole Strength to keep him out, and accordingly prevail'd with my Lord to refuse his Service. This set Mr. POWEL's Invention at work, for he was resolved to be revenged on my Lord Mayor's Servants, though it were by the Ruin of the City, according to JUNO's pious Resolution.

*Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

And now you should see him conversing with those whom formerly he despised, promising vast things were he in any sort of Power; what Places, what Preferments would he not bestow on every honest *Oripollian*? What Riches and Power would he bestow upon the *Bonsees*, were he at the *Helm*? These Arguments soon worked upon the long-ear'd Rout, who fell to worshipping him, as a Man sent from Heaven. The *Bonsees* proclaim'd his Mission, and confirm'd it in their daily Speeches— All Hands to work— This is the Man on whom we must depend— Thus ran the Humour of the Town against common Sense and publick Conviction. And though they all knew him to be an errant *Juggler*, and that nothing but cheating Tricks were to be expected from him, yet they

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they all acted, as if they knew the contrary, being perswaded to it by their Priests, who told them that their *May-pole* would be sunk into the Earth, unless Mr. POWEL, who was rais'd up by the Gods for its Protection, were put into some great Employment. This mighty News soon startled the poor giddy Mob, who (just like the trembling Larks, when the blew Sky threatens a dreadful Fall) to avert the dismal Judgment of the *May-poles* tumbling, ran into all the foolish Measures proposed to them, by the Zealot *Bonzees*; yet all this wrought not the desired Effect. The *Lord Mayor* did not think fit to employ him, but kept the *Juggler* at a Distance from himself, and all his Friends—Thus good Counsel is not only a Safeguard, but an Honour also to a Governor. These sly Tricks, popular Harangues, and vast Promises failing, Mr. POWEL bethought himself of a farther Stratagem—He gets him acquainted with a bold impudent *Bonzee*, whose Madnefs made him fearless, whose Ignorance had banish'd Modesty, and whose Poverty had made him capable of the most desperate Actions; *For what may not a Man venture, who has nothing to lose?*

With this *Bonzee*, by Name HARRICO CHARLATAN, he strikes up a Friendship, makes



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makes him vast Promises, and tickles up his Ambition with the Names of *Flamen*, and *Arch-Flamen*—— Tells him, that the great Turn must be made by him, and when made, how great must the Author be? That the only way to bring such a thing about, would be to make such an *Oration* as he should direct him—— In short, if he would be ruled by him in this Point, *he would make him the greatest Man in Otipolis.* Highly exalted was the empty Priest HARRICO CHARLATAN, with these Hopes of future Grandeur, and as a suitable and grateful Return to those glorious Promises he had just now receiv'd, he forthwith makes this Speech——

*Great Sir,*

‘ THE peculiar Honour you are  
‘ pleased to confer upon me,  
‘ by thinking me a *proper Instrument* or  
‘ *Tool*, is so *Signal*, that nothing less than a  
‘ publick Acknowledgment can acquit me  
‘ from Ingratitude.

‘ Now

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‘ Now when the *Principles* and *Interests* of our *Party* and *Constitution* are so  
‘ shamefully *betray’d* and *run down*; it  
‘ can be no small *Comfort* to see, that not-  
‘ withstanding the *secret Malice* or *open*  
‘ *Violence* they are persecuted with, there  
‘ are still to be found such *worthy Patrons*  
‘ of both, who *dare own* and *defend* them,  
‘ as well against the *rude* and *presumptuous*  
‘ *Insults* of the one Side, as the *base un-*  
‘ *dermining Treachery* of the *other*, and who  
‘ scorn to sit silently by, and partake in  
‘ the Sin of these *associated Malignants*;  
‘ and I am, Sir, with all the *sincere, true,*  
‘ *unfeigned Zeal* in the World,

Yours to be commanded.

To which Mr. POWEL made no other Reply, than only telling him, that by his very Speech he found him the fittest Man for his Purpose: And that what he proposed to him was only to make a large *Harangue* the next *Holyday*, and in it to prove that my *Lord Mayor’s Mule* is an *Ass*, a downright *Ass*. Be sure and use the same *Stile*, and you cannot fail of succeeding. I need not here insert the *Bonzee’s* Answer, which was much the same sort of Oratory with this Speech. But as the  
Ha-

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Harangue was made according to Order, and is an Original in its kind ; I shall here at length set it down in the best manner we cou'd translate it from the *Malayan Tongue*, which you will find to be very full of Epithetical Adjectives, from this very Piece.

*N. B. The Reader may either pass this over as a nonsensical thing not worthy of his Reading, or out of his mature Judgment declare it to be a Piece of grand and deep Design.*

CHAP. ..

CHAPTER the Twelfth.

‘ **A** Mong all the Days of the whole  
‘ Year, this Day is a *never to be*  
‘ *forgotten Day*; and in our *Tacupeitheian*  
‘ *Kalendar* ought to stand as an *Ara*, as an  
‘ eternal *Ara* at one end, because there is  
‘ a memorable Day at the other end, which  
‘ may stand for the same Purpose, and  
‘ therefore these *two Days* are but one uni-  
‘ ted Proof and visible Testimonial, that  
‘ the *Kalendar* (like a Rope-dancers Pole)  
‘ has two *Ends*, which two *Ends*, by  
‘ means of these two heavy *Ara’s*, being  
‘ pois’d, will serve to keep me up in the  
‘ Thread of my Argument, which entire-  
‘ ly choaks, strangles, and extirpates that  
‘ *new fangled, Fanatical, Republican, Lati-*  
‘ *tudinarian, Anarchical, Damnable, Shif-*  
‘ *matical, Ægyptiacal, Hieroglyphical* Noti-  
‘ on, of the Years being rotund like a  
‘ Snake with his Tail in his Mouth.

‘ Now, because the Adversaries of our  
‘ Party, those acute and wise Judges, who  
‘ condemn Things without Sight or Hear-  
‘ ing, are likely to traduce what I shall  
‘ now deliver; and that I may put to si-  
‘ lence the loud Clamours of *gainsaying Fa-*  
‘ *naticks*, rectify the *misted Zeal* of those

K

‘ deluded



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‘ deluded People, and quash *the damnable*  
‘ *Doctrine of those seditious Impostors*, I shall  
‘ now very briefly set down what I design  
‘ to prove, in these two following Positi-  
‘ ons :

‘ *First*,—That my *Lord Mayor’s* Beast  
‘ is not a *Mule* but an *Afs*.

‘ *Secondly*,—That the *Afs* ought not to  
‘ *wince* be he whipt ever so much or often.

‘ And, *First*, I will shew you in what  
‘ sense, and on what score my *Lord Mayor’s*  
‘ Beast is an *Afs*, I say a very *Afs*. In or-  
‘ der to which it will be necessary to pre-  
‘ mise something concerning the Nature  
‘ of *Mules* and *Affes*.

‘ This Term *ov@*, an *Afs*, being derived  
‘ from *ovnis*, which signifies Profit, or  
‘ *ovnis*, to help (take it which way you  
‘ will) has a relative Signification to its  
‘ Owner. Therefore whatsoever Beast  
‘ shall be found deviating, by an unreason-  
‘ able alteration of Judgment, or by any  
‘ *tacit, mental Reserve, or Equivocation*, up-  
‘ on any indirect Ends or Designs from  
‘ being a sole Profit or Help to its Master, may  
‘ properly be said not to be an *Afs*, but  
‘ rather a Mule, an *npaio@*, a half *Profiler*,  
‘ or a *Helper of his Master by halves*—Now  
‘ I dare say, no Man can pretend that my  
‘ *Lora’s* Beast ever *help’d his Master by*  
‘ *halves*,

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‘ *halves*, or was a *half Profiter* to him——  
 ‘ How often has he bravely ventured his  
 ‘ Life and Fortune in behalf of his *Lord*?  
 ‘ How often has he bore my *Lord*, and his  
 ‘ great *Predecessors* on his *Back* long and  
 ‘ tedious Journeys, even when *gauled* to  
 ‘ the Bone? How often has he carry’d my  
 ‘ *Lord’s Servants*, my *Lord’s Chamber-maids*,  
 ‘ nay, my *Lord’s Mistresses*, with a true  
 ‘ *Als* like *Patience*? Is he not a *Property*,  
 ‘ a *Slave* of my *Lord’s*, whose *Life*, whose  
 ‘ *Being* is in my *Lord’s Hands*? Yea, my  
 ‘ *Brethren*—he is so by a *Divine Right*,  
 ‘ derived even from those happy *Times*,  
 ‘ when *Royal and Absolute* Fathers govern’d  
 ‘ their subject *Families* in fulness of *Pow-*  
 ‘ *er*——Is he then a *Profiter* or *Server* of  
 ‘ my *Lord* in *part*? Do not all his *Labours*,  
 ‘ and *Acquisitions*; nay, do not his very  
 ‘ *Hide* and *Ears* belong to my *Lord*, who  
 ‘ is the sole *Proprietor* of this *Beast*, which  
 ‘ was only created for my *Lord’s Use* and  
 ‘ *Pleasure*. Who then will say he is *neither*,  
 ‘ a *Mule*, *half a Profiter*, a *half Servant* of  
 ‘ my *Lord’s*. No, no, ’tis plain he is a  
 ‘ down right *Ass*.

‘ Farther——View but the *Beast*, and  
 ‘ believe your *Eye-sight*——See his long  
 ‘ and monstrous *Ears*, certain *Signs* of an  
 ‘ *Ass*; behold his profound *Gravity* and *solid*  
 ‘ *Aspect*, vast *Testimonials* of an *Asses Un-*  
 ‘ *derstanding*. Look with what gentle *Be-*

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' haviour and submissive Obeisance he  
 ' stands to be curry'd, bridled and saddled,  
 ' sure Symptoms of an *Asses* Constituti-  
 ' on——See how heartily the Beast brow-  
 ' ses a Thistle, a true *Asses* Sallad, while  
 ' the Horse eats up the Corn; do not  
 ' these Tokens, these Manifestations, prove  
 ' him to be an *Ass*? A downright, dull,  
 ' brainless, stupid, vile *Ass*. These Evi-  
 ' dences, my beloved, are so glaring as to  
 ' leave no room for *Argument*, and if any  
 ' one offers to dispute it, I pronounce him a  
 ' damn'd Heretick, a seditious Impostor,  
 ' a rebellious, insolent, impudent Schismatick,  
 ' a damnable, fanatical, factious, insidious,  
 ' wretched, empty, hypocritical Sophister,  
 ' and a villanous, treacherous, faint-hearted,  
 ' knavish, sly, vile, monstrous, canting,  
 ' false tongued, antimonarchical Republican.

' But now I come, *Secondly*, to prove  
 ' that the Beast ought not to wince, be he  
 ' beaten ever so much or often.

' I have proved him an *Ass*, and me-  
 ' thinks that should be *Argument* enough  
 ' for his *Passive Obedience*. *Asses* are al-  
 ' ways couchant and passive, and we read  
 ' but of one *Ass* that ever open'd his  
 ' Mouth and winced when his Master beat  
 ' him, and that is in *Jewish* Records, which  
 ' we hope can be no *Precedent* for us. Pa-  
 ' gan *Asses* can't be guilty of such horrid,  
 ' *flagrant*

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‘ *flagrant and monstrous Rebellion.* Our old  
‘ Father *Silenus’s Ass*, carried him drunk  
‘ or sober, bore, like a true and faithful  
‘ Subject, with all *Ass Submission*, the blows  
‘ that were distributed upon his *Hide*,  
‘ whether deserv’d or undeserv’d, and  
‘ proud of his *God-like Burden*, thank-  
‘ ed the Hand that exercised his un-  
‘ conquer’d Patience. The Great and Im-  
‘ mortal *Lucian*, when converted into an  
‘ *Ass*, bore his Servitude submissively, e-  
‘ ven when he was in the unjust Possession  
‘ of insidious Robbers. How great, and  
‘ how enforcing ought these Examples to  
‘ be to Beasts form’d for Toils and heavy  
‘ Burdens? Attend my Brethren, and con-  
‘ sider well this *Doctrine of Asses*. *Asses*  
‘ *ought not to resist on any pretence whatsoever,*  
‘ be their Masters *Mahometans, Christians,*  
‘ *Jews, Barbarians, or Pagans,* or they  
‘ themselves *drub’d, lash’d, thrash’d, thawckt,*  
‘ *beaten, nay, be they excoriated, and their*  
‘ *Ears hewen close to their obeisant Noddles.*  
‘ This is the *Orthodox Doctrine of Asses,*  
‘ who ought not to *open their Mouths,* not  
‘ to *fling, start, or wince,* but quietly bear  
‘ their Burthens; for those that sit on their  
‘ Backs are their *Lords*, and consequently  
‘ have an *undoubted Right, and Divine Su-*  
‘ *periority* over them, not to be question’d  
‘ by slavish or stupid Beasts, whose Backs  
‘ were form’d for *Loads*, and whose



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‘ Mouths were predestinated for Bridles.

‘ To proceed—why should *Asses* ambitiously attempt to be more than themselves? Why shou’d they propose a Sphere so unfit for them, and so far above their vile Constitution? Are *Asses* to enquire, to reason, to direct, to counsel? No, no, see their long Ears and brawny Backs——Their Business is to *hear, believe, and obey*——*Hear, believe and obey, my Brethren, what a Man speaks out of the sincerity of his Heart.*

‘ Now as *Asses* are created for the sole Use and Drudgery of their *Masters*; so on the other hand it cometh neither of *Chance* nor *Fortune*, nor of the *Ambition* of mortal Men and Women climbing up into the Saddle, that there are Owners, Masters and Proprietors of those *Asses*. But all *Masters, Owners, Lords, and Proprietors* of *Asses* are appointed by the Immortal Gods; therefore the *Ass* that spurns against his *Master*, kicks against the Gods, and is guilty of the *blackest Treason, and highest Rebellion*; a Sin of such a dye, as never to be wash’d out or forgiven.

‘ I know some *new Teachers, new Politicians*, tell us, I suppose by a new and unheard of Law, in contradiction to this my *Ass Doctrine*, that the Power is  
‘ invested

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‘ invested in the Beast, and that he may spurn  
‘ and fling his tyrannizing Rider when he  
‘ pleases. And what is most incredible,  
‘ they presume to make their Court to my  
‘ *Lord Mayor* by such Antimonarchical  
‘ Schemes;—but thanks to the Stars—  
‘ These damnable Positions, let them come  
‘ either from *Turkey or Christendom*, from  
‘ the *Rostrum* or the *Press*, are by all sen-  
‘ sible *Maamins* condemn’d for Rebelli-  
‘ on.

‘ *Our Adversaries think they effectually stop*  
‘ *our Mouths, and have us sure and unan-*  
‘ *swerable on this Point, when they urge the*  
‘ *fatal Accident of this Day, I mean, that of*  
‘ *a former Lord Mayor’s falling from the*  
‘ *back of the Ass; but certainly they are*  
‘ *a pack of ungrateful Num-skulls: How*  
‘ *often must it be told them that the late*  
‘ *Lord Mayor declared that the Ass never*  
‘ *so much as stirr’d, and that the Court of*  
‘ *Aldermen and Common Council affirm’d*  
‘ *that they help’d the late Lord Mayor into*  
‘ *the Saddle upon no other Account, but*  
‘ *because the preceeding Lord Mayor fairly*  
‘ *alighted and walked off. What would*  
‘ *these Antimonarchical, factious Incendia-*  
‘ *ries have? Wou’d they have this Beast as*  
‘ *bad as his Father, who thoroughly possess*  
‘ *with some infernal Spirit drawn from*  
‘ *the republican Dregs of the Stygian Lake,*  
‘ *and being perfectly intoxicated, Reard,*

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' curvetted, kickt, spurn'd, flung, and win-  
 ' ced so long as to throw his *Rider*, and  
 ' break his *Neck*? But they are mistaken,  
 ' the present *Beast* is of another make——  
 ' A *sensible Beast*, an *obedient Beast*, a *passive*  
 ' *Beast*, a *loyal Beast*, a *dutiful Beast*, and  
 ' what not.

' Whereas his *Sire* was a high metal'd  
 ' Horse, a run away Jade, a starting,  
 ' staring, snorting, flying, prancing,  
 ' flinging, stumbling, ticklish, skittish,  
 ' wincing Devil, one that wou'd neither  
 ' lead nor drive. Yet these *canting Preach-*  
 ' *ers*, *blasphemous Libellers* and *scurrilous*  
 ' *Lampooners* affirm, that that *Horse* and  
 ' this *Ass* are verily and identically the  
 ' same. Thus we see how ready these  
 ' *Incendiaries* are to charge all the Crimes  
 ' of the cursed unlucky *Horse* on the Back  
 ' and Shoulders of this *Passive Obedient*  
 ' *Ass*. Thus they do endeavour to draw  
 ' Comparisons, and justify the *horrid* and  
 ' *rebellious* Actions of the *Horse*, which to  
 ' the scandal of our *May-pole* have been  
 ' publicly defended even by some who  
 ' have had the confidence to stile them-  
 ' selves *Bonzees*. These Men in open de-  
 ' fiance of the most peremptory Declara-  
 ' tions of our Law (never to be evaded  
 ' by any shifts or misrepresentations) dare  
 ' in despite of all Testimonies to the con-  
 ' trary, manifestly defend this Doctrine,  
 ' That

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‘ *That an Ass, if unjustly beaten, may wince.*

‘ *Oh Horrid, Monstrous, Blasphemous!*

‘ Having done with the *Ass*, I shall add  
‘ a Word concerning those *Miscreants* that  
‘ would have him to be a *Mule*, and so  
‘ conclude.

‘ These, my Brethren, are the *Fest* of  
‘ *Human kind*; worse than the worst of  
‘ *Turks*: These are the People whom we  
‘ ought to restrain by *wholesom Severities*,  
‘ by Whipping, Fining, Pilloring, Impri-  
‘ soning, Banishing, Hanging, Drowning,  
‘ Burning, Knocking on the Head, Chain-  
‘ ing to the Gallies, Torturing, and by even  
‘ sending them alive to the Bottom of the  
‘ *Stygian Lake*; to *PLUTO* and all his Imps;  
‘ to *CERBERUS*, and all the Dogs and  
‘ Bitches in *Hell*, that they may accom-  
‘ pany those with whom they have kept  
‘ a constant *Correspondence*.

‘ And now, lest you should mistake  
‘ the Persons I mean, I will pathetically  
‘ describe them to you.

‘ You all know we have a *May-pole*, a  
‘ dainty fine *May-pole*— Observe those *sa-*  
‘ *crilegious Villains* who are for pulling the  
‘ Garlands, the Leaves, the Flowers, and  
‘ the Bushes from it— Observe those  
‘ *Traytors*, those *false Brethren*, who talk  
‘ indifferently whether there are any *Flow-*  
‘ *ers* on it at all. Observe those *Hypocri-*  
‘ *tical Sophisters*, who argue that the *May-*  
‘ *pole*



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‘pole would look better if some of the old  
 ‘wither’d Leaves were taken away — —  
 ‘Nay, observe even those *Lukewarm Pa-*  
 ‘*gans*, that will not swear, damn, and  
 ‘drink the *May-pole’s* Health, and fight  
 ‘up to the Ears in Blood in behalf of the  
 ‘least wither’d Leaf on it—— Observe  
 ‘these, my Brethren— for these are those  
 ‘*Clamorous, Insatiable, May-pole devouring*  
 ‘*Malignants; Miscreants, begot in Rebellion,*  
 ‘*born in Sedition, nurs’d up in Faction.*

‘These are the *Crafty, Insidious, wily*  
 ‘*Volpones*; these are the *Proud, Humorous,*  
 ‘*Capricious, Qualm-sick, Obstinate, Moody,*  
 ‘*Wayward, Self-conceited, Hypocrites and*  
 ‘*Enthusiasts.*

‘These are the *Dreadful, Dismal, Hor-*  
 ‘*rible, Black, Deep, Destructive, Sanguinary,*  
 ‘*Malicious, Insatiable, Cruel, Diabolical,*  
 ‘*Revengeful, Irreconcilable, Blood-thirsty,*  
 ‘*Ecclesiastical Achitophels, Hatch’d in the*  
 ‘*Cabinet Counsel of Hell, and brought forth*  
 ‘in a **CONCLAVE OF JESUITS,**  
 ‘with whom, like **TWO PARALLEL**  
 ‘**LINES,** they always meet in the Center.

‘These are the *Monsters, Vipers,*  
 ‘*Serpents, Toads, Plotters, Traytors, Re-*  
 ‘*bels, Spiritual Jugglers, Double Dealers,*  
 ‘*Insinulators, Equivocators, Dissemblers, Up-*  
 ‘*start Novelists, Enthusiasts, Infamous Li-*  
 ‘*bellers, Hypocritical Sophisters, Modern*  
 ‘*Phi-*

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‘ *Philosophers, Villains, Impostors, Sly Saints,*  
‘ *Sanctified Devils, Incendiaries, Clande-*  
‘ *stine Underminers, False-hearted Knaves,*  
‘ *Latitudinarians, Encroachers, Blasphemers,*  
‘ *Canterers, Apostates, Cozeners, Sharpers,*  
‘ *Temporizers and obstinate Hereticks——*  
‘ *In short, these are False Brethren, that*  
‘ *deserve the wholesomest Severities imagina-*  
‘ *ble ; that ought to be damn’d—— Damn*  
‘ *them all—— And let any Man undamn*  
‘ *them if he dares.*

Thus ended the *Harangue*, and upon it no small Stir ensued ; the Ferment grew so high, that at last the *Bonzee* was accus’d before the *Lord-Mayor*, and *Court of Aldermen*, where sundry Debates past on it *Pro* and *Con*, in which the Learning of his Opponents far eclips’d that of his weak Defenders, who were observ’d to give up the very Cause they were employ’d to espouse. His Adversaries, on the one hand, accusing him for being a seditious Disturber of the Peace, a Man fit for nothing but to set a Nation together by the Ears ; and his Friends endeavouring to excuse him, by alledging that his *Harangue* was nothing but Nonsense, and ’twould be very hard to punish a Man for being a *Fool*, nobody knowing how far that might extend. To this it ’twas replied by his Prosecutors,  
That

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That had it been spoken in the Month \* *Lycomene*, it might have been excusable; but since he had not that to plead, he ought to be punish'd as an *Incendiary*.

Upon the whole, after a great Bustle, he was found *Guilty of Great Crimes*, and for a *suitable Punishment* it was Ordain'd,

*That the said HARRICO CHARLETAN should not break Wind in publick for Three Tears; and his Oration, being in the Nature of a Firebrand, should be dedicated to the Lame God VULCAN.*

Which was accordingly done, and a Priest of the Goddess *Dice* wrote the *Dedication*, in the warmest Expressions possible.

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\* *Lycomene* is a Month in which the Moon has a more than ordinary Effect on the *Otipolians*; for then every Man becomes that in Perfection which his Genius in an Inferiour Degree prompted him to be all the rest of the Year. In this Month Men of morose Tempers become perfect Dogs: Those of sluggish and slow Dispositions become Asses: Night-walkers and Srenaders commence Owls: Beaus and Fops change into Monkeys and Peacocks; Gossips and Story-tellers into Parrots and Jack-Daws; and most of the Bonzees, especially towards the latter End of the Month, being naturally of a rapacious Temper, turn into perfect Wolves, and even worry their own Flock; and 'tis from their Madness, that this Month is called *Lycomene*, or *Wolf-Month*.

In

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In the mean time, the *Bonzee* being a Corpulent Man; and,

- ‘ As Wind in Hypochondria pent,
- ‘ Is but a Blast if downwards sent;
- ‘ But if it upwards chance to fly,
- ‘ Becomes new Light and Prophecy.

*Hud.* Part II. Cant. 3.

So he being under the Penalty of *Not Fart-ing*, the Air which should have gone out at his Posteriors, and made but a *Puff*, began to rise and affect the Brain; so much that the *Bonzee* ran directly *mad*. One while he fancied himself to be a *Pope*, and then he gave his Toe to be kiss’d; another time he fancied himself an *Emperour*, and then he stretch’d out his *Hand*; and as the *Moon* wain’d or *encreas’d*, he became either King, Prophet or Emperour. But to spend no more time upon this *Poor, Proud, Mad Bonzee*; the Frenzy grew so high, that with HIGGNIO for a *Zany*, he travell’d all over *Tacupeitheia*, mounting the Stage, and selling Powder of Post in all Towns where he came.

C H A P.



## CHAPTER the Thirteenth.

LET us now return to the *Lord-Mayor*, who at first was very angry with the *Harangue*, thinking it to be a great Affront to have the *Beast* which he most valued called an *Afs* in so publick and opprobrious a Manner. But recollecting what Epithets and Qualities the *Bonzee* had bestow'd on this Animal, to wit, that an *Afs* never startles, stumbles, curvets, kicks, winces, or throws his Rider; but patiently submits to all *Blows* or *Burdens* which a *Lord-Mayor* shall please to lay upon him; and considering that he himself was *lame* and *decrepid*, and no good Horseman into the Bargain, he began to have a very good Opinion of the *Bonzee's* Argument, and to think that his *Mule* was a very *Afs*; and the greater *Afs* the better for him, since he was the more unlikely to have a *Fall*. These Thoughts were much improv'd by a *Valet* that my *Lord* kept to powder his Wigg †, and tie on his Band. Every Day when the Wigg was setting at the Glass,

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† They wear Wiggs in this Country to hide their long Ears.

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Monfieur FADLE, the Valet cries, — Begar, mee Lord — de *Afs* be de Beast for mee — mee kick — mee beat — mee whip — mee spurr — begar de Beast no flinch — but look as grave as de Shudge upon de Bench — but *ma foy* de *Mule*, and de *Horfe*, be de *Di-vel* — Begar mee gall my Hand hold- ing de Rein — me ftink for Fear, mee tink every Moment mee break my Neck — Begar, if mee vas you, me turn away all de *Serviteurs* dat vil not let de *Mule* be de *Afs*.

According to Monfieur FADLE'S Advice, my Lord, calling up his trusty *Servants* one by one, ask'd them, if they thought his Great *Beast* a *Mule* or an *Afs*, and upon their down-right and honeft declaring that he was a *Mule*, they were all immediately difcarded.

Now a new Sett of Servants were to be taken in, and among the reft, our Hero, Mr. POWEL, who, by Monfieur FADLE'S Means, was foon in my Lord-Mayor's good Graces; and after having been sometime in the Houfe, he was made Steward of my Lord's Family: And in a fhort time acquir'd the fole Management of all my Lord's Affairs; having turn'd out all that were Friends to the *Old Servants*, and placed his own Tools and Creatures in their Room.

C H A P.

## CHAPTER the Fourteenth.

**T**HE Great St. FRANCIS commanded a *Minorite* of his Flock to dig a deep Hole, and put himself in it, which being done, St. FRANCIS cover'd him with Earth up to the Chin, and then ask'd him if he were dead. Yes, quoth the poor *Fryar*, I am dead. Are you so? says St. FRANCIS, then *Rise up*—— Upon which the *Fryar* came to Life, and arose out of the Grave. And now that I have told you a *Christian Miracle*, pray let me also recount to you a *Pagan* one, wrought by no less a Man than Mr. ROBERT POWEL, whose History we are now writing, and it was this— The same Night he enter'd my Lord's House as a Servant, tho' he did not stirr out of Doors, yet there was not a Man in the whole City of *Otipolis* but lost Money out of his Pockets, by his Means, and not only out of his Pockets, but also out of his Bags and Chests, were they ever so secure. Had a Man a *hundred and thirty Pounds* there, when he came to tell it, it was scarce a *Hundred*, This, you may imagine, caused no small Consternation, and no one could conceive what it portended; though the *Astrologers* said, it plainly

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plainly denoted, that my Lord's Affairs were manag'd by a *Juggler*. But the *Chaldean Soothsayers* affirm'd, that it was because my Lord had taken a *Common Robber*, a Political Pick-pocket into his House; one in whose Nativity they plainly read the Word *לשם* *Listes*. But the *Otipolians* being perswaded by their *Bonzees*, that it was a thing of course, soon forgot it. In the mean time, Mr. POWEL promotes all his Friends: One he makes *Custard-eater*, another *Sword-bearer*, a third *Huntsman*, and his Friend VENERIO, who was a *fumbling Whore-master*, he makes *Clerk of the Kitchen*, that he might enjoy a handsom *Cook-maid*, that then was in my Lord-Mayor's Service. LUPERCUS too, who was Mr. POWEL's Tool on board the *Albion*, and had ever since shar'd Fortunes with him, was now promoted to the Station of a *Flamen*, which is the highest sort of Preferment among the Priests in *Tacupeitheia*.

And here I shall, for the Benefit of Young Men, at any of our *Universities*, who may be curious to know how they examine their Priests in those Parts, insert LUPERCUS's *Examination*.

My Lord Mayor sitting at Table, LUPERCUS being call'd in, Mr. POWEL, who was at my Lord's Right Hand, began as follows.

L

Mr.



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Mr. *Powel*, Mr. LUPERCUS, what is your Calling?

Mr. *Lup.* A Flamenship.

Mr. *Powel*, How will you obtain this?

Mr. *Lup.* By deserving it.

Mr. *Powel*, And how will you deserve it?

Mr. *Lup.* By doing whatsoever I am bid.

Mr. *Powel*, You have been bred on board a Ship?

Mr. *Lup.* Yes.

Mr. *Powel*, What are your Terms of Sailing?

Mr. *Lup.* Tack, Tack about.

Mr. *Powel*, What Religion are you of?

Mr. *Lup.* My Lord's and your's.

Mr. *Powel*, What Religion was you formerly of?

Mr. *Lup.* I pretended to Christianity.

Mr. *Powel*, How came you to leave it?

Mr. *Lup.* It was not my Interest to keep it.

Mr. *Powel*, How many Apostles had the Christians?

Mr. *Lup.* Twelve.

Mr. *Powel*, Which was the best of them?

Mr. *Lup.* JUDAS.

Mr. *Powel*, Why so?

Mr. *Lup.* He carried the Purse.

Mr. *Powel*, Would you carry the Purse?

Mr. *Lup.* Yes.

Mr.

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Mr. *Powel*, I'll get you one very shortly.

Mr. *Lup*. Thanks, good Sir.

Mr. *Powel*, Pray, Mr. LUPERCUS, what's become of your Conscience?

Mr. *Lup*. Dead.

Mr. *Powell*, Good lack! Dead?

Mr. *Lup*. Aye, and buried too.

Mr. *Powel*, What Death did your Conscience die of?

Mr. *Lup*. I quite starv'd it.

Mr. *Powel*, What is my *Lord-Mayor's Beast*?

*Lord-Mayor*, Aye, What is my *Beast*?

Mr. *Lup*. Even what your Lordship pleases.

Mr. *Powel*, Very well, Mr. LUPERCUS, I see you are a Person thoroughly qualified to rise in the World: And I am sure, my Lord will not fail of promoting a Man of such plain and steady Honesty.

My Lord, without more ado, promises LUPERCUS a *Flamenship*, and in a very short time gave him one.

Now, before I go farther, it will not be amiss to give my Courteous Reader an Account how Matters stood in relation to my *Lord-Mayor* and the City—— You must know then—— That the Great City of *Oriopolis* stood upon the Banks of a large *River*, on which my Lord, and the Citizens (who claim'd the sole Authority

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over it) had a vast Number of *Boats*, some for Show, and others for Use. In these, bedeckt after a pompous manner, at certain revolving Tides, my *Lord*, with the rest of the *Otiopolitan* Citizens, appear'd in Regal State, sailing with Grandeur o're the Rowling Surges, to the no small Astonishment of the wondring Fish, thunder-struck and aghast, to behold these gawdy Strangers, whilst even the *grisly God*, and all his Train of *Water Deities*, in precipitate Haste strike to the profoundest Abyss, asham'd to see the Gorgeous Day, when *Thetis* blest'd his Arms, and *God* and *Goddeſs* join'd in Watry Hymenials, so far outdone by glittering Streamers, Pageants, Golden Chains, and *Fur-gowns*, (Emblems of deceit Gravity) in Royal Order moving down the ebbing Tide. The *South* and opposite Coast confest the Superiority of Boats and Watermen of the City of *Otiopolis*; yet for several Years there had been hot Skirmishes between them and the *Otiopolians*, about the Possession of a *Vineyard*, which standing on that side of the River, was generally in the Hands of the *Mega-lauchians*; that is the Name given to those who inhabit the City of *Dowloprepia*, which stands on the South side of the River, opposite to *Otiopolis*, as *Southwark* does to *London*. Now tho' these Men had most commonly the Possession of the aforesaid Vineyard,

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yard, yet the Uncertainty of Keeping it was very great: For there went a Prophecy, that as long as the *Great Mule* continued in the Custody of the Lord-Mayor of *Otipolis*, the *Dowloprepians* should never succeed. And indeed things were brought to such a *Crisis*, that the *Megalauchians* offer'd to deliver up the *Vineyard*, provided they might take away some of the Vines, which Terms were refus'd by those then in Management, because they knew that in a very short space of Time, the Enemies would be obliged to submit without any Articles or Conditions.

*Sed multa cadunt inter Calicem supremam-  
que Labra——*

In this short Space happen'd this unexpected Change, which not only gave new Life and Courage to the *Megalauchians*, but also discourag'd and dispirited every honest *Otipolian* at home.

Now the Governour of *Dowloprepia* was one of the cunningest sort of Men, one who added the *Fox-Skin* to the *Lion*, and thought with *LYSANDER*, that tho' Truth was better than Lies, yet both were to be made use of upon Occasion. This Man, for several Years before, according to his usual Custom of Traytor-making, had attempted to corrupt the Lord-Mayor of *Otipolis* his



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Servants; but his Gold, as if it had received a *base Alloy* from the Vileness of its Message, like false Coin return'd back to the Hands of its Owner.

But now the Face of Affairs changing, the old Gentleman not disheartned with former Rebuffs, again invokes the God PLUTUS, who, out of Compassion to so old a Votary, brought BACCHUS, another God, to his Assistance, where we shall leave them consulting together; and return to

Mr. POWEL, who having my Lord now in Leading-strings, sets up for a great Politician, and in order thereto, gets him a vast *Machiavilian Peruque*, the Virtue of which was such, that by Help of this Politick Ornament, he could (according as his Interest stood) remember or forget whatsoever he pleas'd— For as HUDIBRAS says——

*To be able to forget  
Is found more useful to the Great,  
Than Gout, or Deafness, or bad Eyes,  
To make them pass for wondrous wise.*

Epistle to the Lady.

If the poorest Tradesman came for Money, by the Toss of one of the *Bobs*, the Debt was forgotten. If a hungry Solicitor came to remind you of a Promise, pull one

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one of the Tyes, and you could not remember you ever saw his Face before : If an old Acquaintance, that cannot be serviceable, claims Friendship, this Wigg makes it impossible you should know him ; *Lord, Sir, What may your Name be ?* But if a worthless Fellow of a good Estate came in the Way, he was immediately known and addrest to ; *Oh ! my dear Kinsman, I have not seen you this Age ; What can I do to serve you ? I was intimately acquainted with your Father, your Grand-father was my very good Friend.* These were the Excellencies of Mr. POWEL's new *Peruque*, which he wore all the Time of his Greatness.



## CHAPTER the Fifteenth.

**N**OW all ye tricking *Mercurial* Powers assist my unequal Quill, warm and enliven my Fancy, and irradiate all my intellectual Faculties, that I may be able to paint out in their true Colours the new Politicks, and deep Machinations of Mr. ROBERT POWEL ; who, by means of my Lord's Lethargick Temper, was now virtually become the greatest Man in *Oti-*

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*Polis* ; *Cunning*, *Juggling*, and *Deceiving*, were his peculiar Talents, and his Plots grew larger as himself mounted higher ; and now being a great Man, he scorn'd to be a little Knave. For as the Laws of Perspective direct us to make all those Paintings and Sculptures, which we place at the Top of a great Edifice, far exceeding the Life, which, if put in lower or smaller Buildings, would look frightful and preposterous ; so the Actions and Performances of Men are to be look'd upon in the same Proportion ; and the higher above the common View a Man is, the more above the common Rules of Life his Actions ought to be—— And as a mean Fellow shall presently be hang'd for Crimes that cannot be seen in a Minister of State, so the Ruin of Kingdoms and Commonwealths, are too stupendious for the Undertaking of an ordinary Person. A little Villain is sent to Execution if he picks your Pocket ! but a Lord T—— must be a very notorious Peculator if he is punish'd. A Common Soldier is shot to Death if he deserts his Colours ; but a G——l must deliver up Colours and all to the Enemy, if he is condemn'd.

To return to Mr. POWEL—— The first thing he did, he sent to all the *Augurs*, *Jugglers*, *Conjurers*, *Soothsayers*, *Scriblers*, and *Projectors*, of the City ; took them in-

to

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to Friendship, and settled Pensions on them out of my *Lord's* Revenue; and here I must not omit the League he made with the Hag DIPSAS—— She being both Bawd and Witch, serv'd him and VENERIO in a double Capacity—— Not only assisted them with Girls, and Strength to supply their Vicious Inclinations, but also help'd them in their Ambitious and Politick Designs: For she sent about the City, Enchantments (made with black Gall, and Diabolical Venom dawb'd on Paper) on which whosoever look'd, whose Brains were not well stor'd with Sense, the Poyson crept into him thro' his Eye-lids; and from that time forwards, bereft of common Understanding, he commenced a wretched Tool of Mr. POWEL's. This Witch, by her Enchantments, pretended to know others Secrets; and as 'tis usual for the most Criminal to cry *Whore First*, she, being both *Whore* and *Witch*, charged several others with the same Crimes.

The next Thing our *Hero* did, was, he turned a *Rosicrucian*, and undertook to pay my *Lord's* Debts, which were many and great, with an Estate he had found out in the *Moon*, which in it had an inexhaustible *Mine*, capable of enriching every one that cou'd come at it—— This Estate he farm'd out to a great many long-ear'd *Olipolians*, who got very little by the  
Bar-



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Bargain; others that were Creditors he forced to take *Bills* upon his *Moon Miners*, and 'tis thought they will be answer'd as soon as the Man in the Moon receives them, to the great Satisfaction of these wise Gentlemen. Nay, so far he carry'd this *Moon Project*, which I may well call a *Lunatick Enterprize*, that when some Money had been given my *Lord Mayor*, by the *Court of Aldermen and Common Council*, to seize upon the Vineyard which I before mentioned, he perswaded his poor *Lord*, to apply it all in buying up some Wings for Messengers, which he wou'd send to his *Moon Mine* for Money; But the Project fail'd in the Execution, for before they cou'd arrive at their Journeys end, the Wax, by which their Wings were fixed on, melted, and down they dropt, many into the Sea, and there were drown'd; and the rest into their own Land, and of those but few escaped without broken Legs or Arms. This mad Undertaking having so suitable an Event, made all Mankind despise the poor *Lord Mayor*, who cou'd be so ridiculously imposed upon by his Steward, Mr. POWEL.

But he, as Mischief, is never satisfy'd, did not stop here, but having some underhand Dealings with old *Reynard*, the Governour of *Dowloprepia*, he sends to him privately to make up the Quarrel between him

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him and the *Otipolians*, which cou'd not be done but by the consent of *Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Common Council*. This being the boldest Task he had hitherto undertaken, he was puzzled most egregiously, and nothing but his happy Destiny, and an accidental piece of good Fortune cou'd have carry'd him through it — The *Lord Mayor* he took for granted he cou'd make sure of, but how to bring the *Court of Aldermen and Common Council* to serve his Turn he cou'd not tell, for he knew they wou'd not all agree to deliver up the Mule to the Enemy; and which was worse, some Aldermen who had smelt his Designs, began to make a great stir against him, and his Interest was sinking, when by a miraculous Accident his Disgrace was prevented. As he was sitting in a Room with the Doors open, in came a *mad Dog* and bit him, and had it not been for the Bone 'tis thought he had quite snapt off his Leg. Now, as 'tis usual among the *Indians*, when a Woman is deliver'd of a Child, for the Man to lye in, and feel all the Pangs of Child-birth, while the Woman, free from Pain, takes care of him; so Mr. ROBERT POWEL, though his Leg alone was bitten, yet he escaped all farther harm, while the *Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Council*, or at least the greater part of them were seized

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seized with that *mad Dog* Distemper, by the Learned called *Hydrophobia*: How this came to pass, whether by sympathy, or by means of the Witch *DIPSAS*, or some other Cause, I cannot tell; but this Delirium so turned their Brains, that from accusing Mr. POWEL of great Crimes, they fell to applauding his Merit; and from a *Common Council Man* out of Favour made him an Alderman, and gave him a noble House to live in. Well — Now being an *Alderman* he began to fish out the Opinion of his Brethren, but the more he search'd the more perplex'd he was; for though the *Aldermen* were distracted by means of Mr. POWEL's bite, yet by continually dipping in *Salt Water* they began to recover their lost Senses. In the midst of these Politick Dumps, up comes LUPERCUS, takes him by the Hand, and thus accosts him.

' What, my noble Friend, are you out of  
' Humour? Does wayward moody Dis-  
' content sit upon that Politick Brow?  
' Do not your Affairs go well? Come,  
' shake off this useless Melancholy, and  
' attend to a Dream which I had last  
' Night, that probably may divert you.  
' With all my Heart, says Mr. POWEL, in  
' a dismal, discontented Tone; upon which  
' LUPERCUS proceeds.

' Methought I sail'd in a little Boat, up a  
' broad River, whose Banks were adorn'd  
' with

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‘ with stately Edifices, whose lofty Spires  
‘ seem’d to threaten the Skies themselves;  
‘ and as I sail’d, each Minute the Prospect  
‘ changing, added to the Pleasure of the glid-  
‘ ing Stream, whose Waves we had not long  
‘ lash’d with the laborious Oar, but a mag-  
‘ nificent House seem’d proudly to stand  
‘ before us, built upon the watry Element,  
‘ and as it were declaring it self to be *Neptune’s Palace*. I soon approach’d the  
‘ floating Fabrick, and perceiv’d the Cor-  
‘ ners fixt to four mighty Chains, which  
‘ were steadily held to the Bottom by four  
‘ robust *Tritons*, who there attended in the  
‘ shape of *Anchors*. *Nereids* and *Naiads*  
‘ too were there in numberless throngs,  
‘ ready to be boarded at *Neptune’s Com-*  
‘ *mands*.

‘ On each side of this Building was  
‘ written in Capital Letters, *THE ROY-*  
‘ *AL DIVERSION*; this fully confirm’d me  
‘ in my first Opinion, that this was the  
‘ *Neptudian Mansion*, well knowing  
‘ what an Architect that God must have  
‘ been, having built those mighty Walls  
‘ of *Ilium*, which withstood the well boot-  
‘ ed *Greeks* in such *manful wise* for ten  
‘ long Years, and had remain’d impregna-  
‘ ble to this very Day, had it not been for  
‘ the Treachery of *ANTENOR* — But  
‘ what *Fortifications*, what *Bulwarks* can with-  
‘ stand undermining *Treason*?

‘ To



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‘ To proceed, these Thoughts soon  
 ‘ vanish’d on my coming close to the ima-  
 ‘ gin’d Palace, for asking one who stood  
 ‘ at the Door what Place it was —, he  
 ‘ smilingly answer’d us, that ’twas *The*  
 ‘ *Folly*, and that a Woman kept it, and if  
 ‘ we pleased to walk in we should meet  
 ‘ with very civil Entertainment. Upon  
 ‘ this I ascended out of my Boat into the  
 ‘ House, which I was no sooner enter’d,  
 ‘ than the Man who was at the Door ci-  
 ‘ villy conducted me to a Seat, and ask’d  
 ‘ me what I wou’d have — I told him,  
 ‘ I wou’d speak with the *Mistress* of the  
 ‘ House — He answer’d, that I cou’d  
 ‘ not, for that she was learning a new  
 ‘ Song of her *Organist* ——— How, cry’d  
 ‘ I, does your *Mistress* keep an Organ —  
 ‘ Yes, Sir, says he, and a very fine one —  
 ‘ Let me tell you, when it is well play’d  
 ‘ on, there is no Man in this House can  
 ‘ forbear dancing, especially, when my  
 ‘ *Mistress* sings to it; therefore take care  
 ‘ of your self, by and by, for we shall have  
 ‘ a Tune — Prithee Friend, said I,  
 ‘ fetch me a Bottle of Wine, for I must  
 ‘ chat with thee about this same *Organ*,  
 ‘ for I love Musick extremely.

‘ While the Fellow was away, I saw  
 ‘ and perceiv’d in my Dream, that the  
 ‘ Room was full of sundry Sorts of People,  
 ‘ and indeed a perfect Medley; for at the  
 ‘ North

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‘ North End were a parcel of Brawny  
‘ Fellows with Mantles about their Shoul-  
‘ ders, and blew Caps about their Heads.  
‘ Next to them sat a Company of Clow-  
‘ nish look’d Fellows with leathern Breech-  
‘ es, and hob nail’d Shoes. Just about  
‘ the *Organ*, which stood in the South East  
‘ part of the Room, stood a vast many  
‘ dapper Sparks, with huge powder’d Pe-  
‘ rukes, red heel’d Shoes, laced Cravats,  
‘ and brocade Waistcoats, intermingled  
‘ like a Chess-board, with Men in dark  
‘ long Habits, whose red Faces were co-  
‘ ver’d with large broad Brim’d Hats,  
‘ which resembled a Stick of Charcoal  
‘ burning at one end, and betoken’d fu-  
‘ ture Combustion. At the Southermost  
‘ part of all, sat a Mixture of all the  
‘ Sorts aforesaid, and they seem’d to be  
‘ *queer ones* pickt out of every Pack; these  
‘ were all Vomiting and Retching, taking  
‘ of *Carduus*, *Benedictus*, *Hypocacuanæ*, and  
‘ *Crocus Metallorum*.

‘ The *Organ-Loft* had a Curtain drawn  
‘ before it, so that though the Instru-  
‘ ment was visible, yet you cou’d scarce  
‘ see what the *Organist* and his *Mistress*  
‘ were doing. As I was viewing this,  
‘ my Man comes with the Wine, and af-  
‘ ter having drank, and seated himself,  
‘ began thus ——— Sir, at your request,  
‘ I shall relate what I know concerning  
‘ this

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‘ this *Organ*. You must understand, then,  
 ‘ that my *Mistress* is obliged to keep one  
 ‘ upon the Account of her *Customers*, with  
 ‘ Stops enough to suit the Genius of each  
 ‘ Country from whence they come.  
 ‘ For Example. Those *blew Caps* delight  
 ‘ in a loud, squawling, snotching, snuf-  
 ‘ fling Tone; my *Mistress* has a Set of  
 ‘ Pipes for them. Those Hob-nailed Boo-  
 ‘ bies loved a scraping, drumming Noise,  
 ‘ like a Dulcimer or Fiddle; my *Mistress*  
 ‘ has a Box of wooden Pipes to please them.  
 ‘ Those Beaus and black Coats are strange  
 ‘ admirers of a Harp, and there are, Sir,  
 ‘ two Stops, one of *Brass*, and the other  
 ‘ of a *mixt Metal*, in the *Organ*, that go a  
 ‘ *Welch Harp* charmingly. And as for those  
 ‘ sick Gentlemen, they are perfect adorers  
 ‘ of a *French Hautboy*, and a double Cur-  
 ‘ tail, there is a great Sett of *Iron gilt Pipes*  
 ‘ for them. There are divers other Stops,  
 ‘ but I think they are not very perfect,  
 ‘ and seldom used — Now every one  
 ‘ of these People, though they vary in  
 ‘ Opinion about the Stops of the *Organ*,  
 ‘ yet they all agree in the Applause of a  
 ‘ Voice, for which reason my *Mistress*  
 ‘ sings — She has a very good Voice  
 ‘ indeed, but no Skill in Musick, and  
 ‘ therefore only sings as the Organist teach-  
 ‘ es her. At this Time she is learning  
 ‘ a perfectly new Tune of our *new*  
 ‘ Or-

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‘ *Organist*, and we expect a wonderful  
‘ Performance — What, cry’d I, have  
‘ you never heard this *Organist* before?  
‘ No, reply’d he, ’tis but a Day or two  
‘ ago, since our Mistress turn’d away her  
‘ old Servant, because he would not play  
‘ *Mad Robin*, which this *Organist* has  
‘ promised to do. I will say that for him,  
‘ the old *Organist* was an excellent Musi-  
‘ cian, but somewhat of a Humourist;  
‘ he wou’d have his own way, and play  
‘ his own *Tunes*, which his Enemies ac-  
‘ knowledged to be *Harmonious*. This  
‘ new *Organist*, they say, is a shrewd,  
‘ cunning Fellow: How he plays upon an  
‘ Organ I cannot tell, but he tickles a  
‘ *Welch Harp* nicely.

‘ Just here, I remember, one who sat  
‘ at the South Side of the Room, holding  
‘ his Sides, and Retching with great Vi-  
‘ olence, brought up several scraps of  
‘ Paper; on one I saw written in legible  
‘ Characters, *I A. B. do sincerely*; upon  
‘ another, *hath not any Right or Title*; upon  
‘ a third, *is Lawful and Rightful*; and be-  
‘ side these, some other bits whose Wri-  
‘ ting was not to be read.

‘ Pray, Sir, says I, to my Companion,  
‘ who are these *Emetick Gentry*? Have  
‘ they gotten the *French Distemper*, and  
‘ now are under Cure? Or have they had  
‘ Surfeits? Some such Thing, said he,

M

‘ they



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‘ they have all been *clapt* in their Time;  
 ‘ but that is not the occasion of their pre-  
 ‘ sent Illness. In the old *Organist’s* Time;  
 ‘ these were the most hooting, noisy Fel-  
 ‘ lows in the whole House, and wou’d let  
 ‘ nothing be play’d but their simple, dull  
 ‘ Tunes; upon which, to make them less  
 ‘ troublesome, the Landlord then (my  
 ‘ Mistress’s Brother, who died some Years  
 ‘ ago) contrived some Rolls of Parch-  
 ‘ ment, which have stuck in their Throats  
 ‘ ever since they swallow’d them, that  
 ‘ they have not been able to call up one  
 ‘ Dance. But upon this new *Organist’s*  
 ‘ coming into Play (who has promised to  
 ‘ play them any Tune that they shall call  
 ‘ for, having provided a whole Sett of  
 ‘ Pipes for their Use) they have taken  
 ‘ good store of Emeticks, that getting rid  
 ‘ of these cursed *Rolls of Parchment*, they  
 ‘ may be in a Condition both of calling  
 ‘ and dancing too. I warrant you’ll hear  
 ‘ them call loud enough presently.

‘ In the middle of this Chat my *Land-*  
 ‘ *lady* appears, and having tuned her  
 ‘ Voice, she chanted an *admirable Song* to  
 ‘ the Satisfaction of all Hearers; and up-  
 ‘ on her withdrawing, the new *Organist*  
 ‘ touch’d over the *Organ*, but to my dull  
 ‘ Apprehension it did not at all answer the  
 ‘ Character given it by my new Comrade.  
 ‘ Upon the Prelude’s being ended, each  
 ‘ Party

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‘ Party fell to bawling, and calling for  
‘ particular Tunes, the great Booby,  
‘ Hobnail’d Fellows, whose Breeches and  
‘ Lungs seem’d to be of the same Leather,  
‘ cry’d out for *Cheshire Rounds*, *Roger of*  
‘ *Coverly*, *Joan’s Placket*, and *Northern*  
‘ *Nancy*. Those with the blew Bonnets  
‘ had very good Voices, but being at the  
‘ farthest end of the Room, were not so  
‘ distinctly heard — Yet they *split*  
‘ *their Wems* in hollowing out — *Bonny*  
‘ *Dundee*, *Valiant Jocky*, *Sawny was a Daw-*  
‘ *dy Lad*, and ’twas within a Furlong of *E-*  
‘ *dinburgh Town*. Those hard by the  
‘ *Organ* had strange, weak, and effemi-  
‘ nate Voices, but being near, and well  
‘ assisted by the sturdy Lungs of the *black*  
‘ *coated Fry*, they were distinctly heard to  
‘ call, *Of noble Race was Shinkin*, *Christ*  
‘ *Church Bells*, *the Duke of York’s Delight*,  
‘ *Welcome home old Rowley*, *the Knot*, and  
‘ *the Hemp-Dressers*; which last Dance I  
‘ thought wou’d not relish long with  
‘ them. But the spewing Gentry having  
‘ now clear’d their Throats, and Consci-  
‘ ences, began to bawl out very loud —  
‘ Hear, hear, — Play *Count Tallard*,  
‘ *Young Femmy*, *Wooden Shoes*, *Alamode de*  
‘ *France*, and *the King shall enjoy his own*  
‘ *again*. In the midst of this general Hub-  
‘ bub, I observ’d one single Person parti-  
‘ cularly strain his Throat to cry out, *The*

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‘ *Marlborough*, when an unlucky Rogue  
 ‘ of a By-stander knock’d him clear out  
 ‘ of the Window into the Water ; what,  
 ‘ said he, you impudent Dog, must we  
 ‘ have a Dance on purpose for you, you  
 ‘ Rogue dance in the Water and be  
 ‘ damn’d. This strange Confusion lasted  
 ‘ some Time, when Mr. *Organist*, after  
 ‘ silence was proclaim’d, spoke to them in  
 ‘ the manner following.

‘ Gentlemen ——— ye are all my  
 ‘ Friends ——— I wou’d oblige you all —  
 ‘ It is impossible for me to play two Tunes  
 ‘ at once ; with submission then ——— I  
 ‘ conceive it ——— I cannot play all those  
 ‘ Tunes you call for at present ——— I  
 ‘ shou’d be proud of the Honour of find-  
 ‘ ing out an expedient ——— but since you  
 ‘ cannot all pitch upon one Tune ——— I  
 ‘ beg leave to propose one to you ——— And  
 ‘ if you consent to it, my *Mistress* shall sing  
 ‘ into the Bargain ——— What I wou’d  
 ‘ recommend, with all Deference to bet-  
 ‘ ter Judgments, is, *The De’il take the*  
 ‘ *Wars*. This pleased all the Company,  
 ‘ who agreed this shou’d be the Tune ;  
 ‘ but to the Consternation of all present,  
 ‘ the Organ wou’d not go ; for tho’ there  
 ‘ were Pipes enough of all Sorts, yet a-  
 ‘ bove half of them were not in a Key pro-  
 ‘ per for that *Tune*. Down sat the poor  
 ‘ forlorn *Organist* in deep Despair, raging  
 ‘ at

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‘ at himself for undertaking what he cou’d  
‘ not perform ; while some of the Compa-  
‘ ny laugh’d, others curst and swore, and  
‘ a third sort banter’d and jested upon their  
‘ Disappointment.

‘ We had not sate long, when from a  
‘ corner of the Room, I saw a venerable  
‘ Lady get up, by her Garb I cou’d not  
‘ guess who she was, it being of all Co-  
‘ lours and no Colour, for like PROTEUS,  
‘ it changed every Moment ; and as I was  
‘ inform’d, was made of Camelions Skins ;  
‘ she had a Reverend Countenance, but  
‘ squinted most dreadfully, to hide which,  
‘ she generally kept one of her Eyes shut.  
‘ She was fluent in Speech, but seldom  
‘ told Truth, and when she imparted  
‘ a Secret, it was rather by *Nods* and  
‘ *Shrugs* than Words. Upon Enquiry  
‘ who the Lady was, my Neighbour in-  
‘ form’d me ’twas the great Lady PA-  
‘ NURGIA, who being related to the *Or-*  
‘ *ganist* came to hear his first Performan-  
‘ ces. — Ah thought I, her Lady-  
‘ ship is baulk’d as well as we — Just at  
‘ that Instant I heard one cry, *it will do*  
‘ *at last* — This made me look up  
‘ towards the *Organ-loft*, where I saw the  
‘ *old Lady* very close in consult with her  
‘ Kinsman the *Organist* — After some  
‘ Time spent in earnest talk, I thought  
‘ they began to examine the Organ, pull-



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'ing the Pipes about, they blew in them  
 'single, and then put back some, and  
 'others from the lower Case they took and  
 'removed into the *upper*. After they had  
 'thus sorted and suited them, the old Wo-  
 'man fumbling a while in her Pockets, at  
 'last pull'd out a huge pair of *Gold Stops*,  
 'telling the *Organist*, that if he wou'd fix  
 'them in, he wou'd find all go to his  
 'Mind — He did so, and I do not  
 'know that ever I heard an Organ go  
 'truer than that did — In fine —  
 'The *De'il take the Wars* was play'd over  
 'and over, and they fell to dancing and  
 'romping from one end of the Room to  
 'the other — When on a sudden  
 'one of them cry'd out, that by their ve-  
 'hement Motions, a plank had started,  
 'and all were on the Point of being lost.  
 'This Alarm made me look for my Boat,  
 'and while I was calling for my Water-  
 'man I awak'd — This, Sir, was  
 'my Dream.

'And this Dream, quoth Mr. POWEL,  
 'thou didst dream for me, I understand it,  
 'and shall follow its Advice — Yes —  
 'The *Golden Stops* shall make the Organ go,  
 'and I'll put the Pipes in proper Order.  
 'Farewel, this Thing admits of no delay.  
 'Success attend you, quoth LUPERCUS.

CHAP.

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CHAPTER the Sixteenth.

**T**AUGHT by LUPERCUS's Dream, away he hies full freight with Politicks, Mischievous, and mad to put his desperate Projects in sudden Practice. He immediately sets out for the Tavern, his usual Place of Consultation, when any bold Stroak was to be struck; where having recruited his weary'd Spirits with some *Burgundy*, he calls up a *Drawer*, a Comical Fellow, with whom he used to play at *Crambo*.

*Mat. Mat.* Come hither Sir.

*Drawer,* Whither Sir?

*Mr. Pow.* Here, bring me another Quart of Wine?

*Draw.* Right true and fine.

*Mr. Pow.* Get me Paper, Pen and Ink.

*Draw.* You shall have it while you wink.

Pens and Ink being brought, and a Letter being wrote, the Dialogue was continued as follows.

*Mr. Pow.* Take this Letter in your Pocket, and slip away.

*Draw,* By Night or by Day?

*Mr. Pow.* By Night Sir.

*Draw.* Right Sir.

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Mr. Pow. Go to REYNARD, the Governour of Dowloprepia, tell him what an Esteem I have for him, deliver this Letter ——— Bring an Answer as soon, and privately as 'tis possible — and do not deceive me.

*Draw.* If I do then ne'er believe me.

Mr. Pow. Well, before you go, here's a Health to REYNARD.

*Draw.* To serve him I will strain hard.

After this witty Conversation away goes the Drawer on this important Message, and to Mr. POWEL's great Content brought back the following Answer,

*My dear worthy Friend,*

' I thank you for your kind Proposals —  
' I shall not fail you ——— Depend  
' on me ——— I have sent you by the  
' Bearer a large Basket of \* *Hesperides*,  
' as a small Token of my Esteem and  
' Friendship. You must send me the  
' Mule of *Otipolis*. I am your trusty  
' Friend,

REYNARD:

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\* *A Sort of Golden Fruit much valued in these Parts.*

P. S.

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P. S. ‘ I have resolv’d to send a Friend  
‘ to you *incognito*; remember to introduce  
‘ him—— and give the Cue to my  
‘ Lord’s *Porter*, that he be not intercept-  
‘ ed or discover’d.

Now here it must be observed, that when a poor silly old Woman, for the sake of Riches or Revenge, sells her self to the Devil, she thinks to send him of all her impertinent Errands; but when once the Contract is sign’d, she must for ever be a Slave to the same Fiend, and cannot be at rest, till she has gone through all the Drudgery his horrid Wickedness can invent. Just so the Case stood between REYNARD and Mr. POWEL, who loved one another in the main just as well as the Witch and the Devil. That is, their Friendship consisted in serving themselves. REYNARD loved Mr. POWEL because he could sell good Bargains. POWEL loved REYNARD because he had Money to buy. ’Twas the Interest of the latter to keep up a Friendship with the other, and the former durst not retract or fall off; for Fear, by that Means, his *Villanies* should be open’d to the Eyes of the World.

Thus, like the Witch (whose Soul is so mortgaged, that the Equity of Redemption is foreclos’d) Mr. POWEL was bound  
to



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to attempt any Project propos'd by REYNARD, were it ever so base or treacherous, were it ever so preposterous or impracticable— Well— as the Epistle commands, Mr. POWEL *must send the Mule*; for which vile Service he was to receive a farther good Quantity of REYNARD'S *Hesperides*. Now how to contrive to send this Beast, Mr. POWEL could not tell. Before he attempted it, he was resolved to bring my Lord-Mayor into the Plot, but without letting him know any thing more of the Matter, than only that he design'd to make up the Quarrel between him and REYNARD, which my Lord Mayor, being of a peaceable Disposition, was willing enough to have done. But to lull my Lord into a farther Dependance on Mr. POWEL'S Sincerity and Ability, and that he might never after question his Actions, he plants several of his own Creatures in the City and Suburbs, in certain Places called \* *Comopoles*, or *Ecchoing Places*, whereby he would make those *Comopoles* return what Answers he pleased, to the great Confirmation of my Lord-Mayor's Folly, and the Admiration of all the *Otipolians*; for as all *Ecchoes* are but bare Repeaters of the Words

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\* These are reckon'd Sacred and Oracular among the Tacupetheians.

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just before pronounced, so these *Comopoles* (by Means of Mr. POWEL's Accomplices) not only repeated the Sentence just before exprest, but would make a Return in a quite different Sentence. As for Example, Should you say, *Shall my Lord-Mayor make up the Quarrel?* a common *Eccho* would answer, *Quarrel.* But instead of that, here you should have, *We dutiful Comopoles leave all to my Lord-Mayor's consummate Wisdom, which never did or can act amiss, while directed by the wise and honest Mr. POWEL.* Here is an *Eccho* for ye! What *Lord-Mayor* could withstand such an *Eccho* as this? Tell me, — for I assure you this *Lord* did not: But throughly convinced of his own Wisdom and Happiness, in the Choice of so trusty and able a Servant, left all things to the Management of Mr. POWEL, without ever troubling himself to enquire what he did.

Now it was that Mr. POWEL sent LUPERCUS in Form to deliver up the Vineyard, and Right of Possession to the *Megalauchians*; which the *Flamen* did in the following manner. Being arrived in a Place appointed for the Meeting the Deputies from *Dowloprepia*, he, instead of a *Rostrum*, mounts up into a *Wine-Press*, and before as many People as could be gather'd together upon so short a Warning, he makes this Speech,

In

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‘ In the Name of *Jupiter Ammon, Amen.*  
‘ **LUPERCUS**, being of sound Health, Sense  
‘ and Understanding, do, in this my last  
‘ Will and Testament, *roundly* give and  
‘ bequeath unto my good Friends the *Me-*  
‘ *galauchians*, two things; *Namely*, first,  
‘ all that Spot of Land called the *Vineyard*,  
‘ with all the Vines growing thereon, to-  
‘ gether with all Appurtenances thereun-  
‘ to belonging. And *namely*, secondly,  
‘ *The Great Mule of Otropolis*, which shall be  
‘ deliver’d the first Opportunity. And  
‘ now, Gentlemen, it is *your own Faults*, if  
‘ you do not keep Possession of the first,  
‘ *namely*, the *Vineyard*; and if you get not  
‘ Possession of the latter, *namely*, the *Mule*,

– The Answer to this Speech, because it is  
very short, we shall here insert.

– ‘ **Mr. LUPERCUS**, we will endeavour to  
‘ see your Will executed: We hope **Mr.**  
‘ **POWEL** will keep his Word; for *bona*  
‘ *fide* we will keep ours.

CHAPTER the Seventeenth.

WHILE these things were transacting on the *Dowloprepian* Side of the Water, over comes a Gentleman from REYNARD the Governour, to *Otipolis*. His Name was DIONYSIUS, and he was nearly related to the God BACCHUS, whom, sometime ago we left consulting with PLUTUS, for the Benefit of their true Adorer REYNARD.

Strange was the Equipage this DIONYSIUS appear'd in; therefore I shall set down a small Account of his——

—— *Passing Worth,*  
*The Manner how he sally'd forth;*  
*That's Arms and Equipage be shown,*  
*His Horses Vertues, and his own.* HUD.

This Great Man, having his Instructions perfect from his *Master*, landed not far from the Suburbs of *Otipolis*, where he began his Cavalcade to the *Lord-Mayor's* House, in manner following. First, rode a *Post-Boy*, sounding with a *French Horn* a *Fox Chase*. Next follow'd a Gentleman masq'd, holding a Purse in his Hand, and a Letter in it. After him, in decent Order,



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der, follow'd *Seven Hundred Thousand* little Youths in yellow Liveries, with each of their Pockets full of a small Seed called *Discordia*, which is accounted one of the quickest Growers in the World ; these little Brats DIONYSIUS call'd his *Yellow Boys* ; and indeed they were notable Rogues for going on Errands. In the Rear of this large Train marched DIONYSIUS himself, clothed in rich Brocade, interwoven with *Lillies* ; on his Head he wore a Golden Helmet, whose Crest was a Capacious Rummer, with *Borage* waving o're the Brims, portending sudden Destruction unto parching Thirst. By his side he wore a Scymiter, wrought all of that Metal call'd *Vermiel Dorée*, of so great Virtue, that no bright *Turkish* Blade, nay not that with which the *Macedonian Conqueror* divided the *Gordian Knot*, could exceed it, in forcing its Way through all Obstacles.

Four Ladies attended him, two on each side ; their Names were *Mademoiselle Belle-semblant*, *La Putain*, *Finesse*, *Dame Flatte-rie*, and *La Coquine Menfonge* : The two former held Skreens in their Right Hands, and the latter Pick-lock Keys in their Left, and each of them in their other Hand a *Thyrsus*. Behind came *Esclavage*, a Gigan-tick raw-bon'd Fellow, with down-cast hanging Looks, wearing only on his Head a red Cap, and on his Back-side a Pair of Drawers ;

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Drawers; on his Legs Wooden Shoes, and all the rest of his Body was naked, after the manner of our antient *Picts*; for on his brawny Back was painted the Goddess *Patientia* to the Life, array'd in a striped red, black and blue Gown: In his Right Hand he held an Oar, his Left Hand grasp'd a mighty Chain. In the midst of these five rode the Great DIONYSIUS, mounted on a potent Steed: And as most Hero's Palfreys had their Names, such as that of valiant St. GEORGE, the *English* Champion, the famed DON QUIXOT's, the renowned CÆSAR's, and the invincible ALEXANDER's, so this bore the Name of *Choirocephalus*, whose Vertues we shall speak of by and by. Thus equipt the *Dowloprepian* Hero march'd, and soon was met by VENERIO and MAURUS, whom Mr. POWEL had sent to conduct him to *Otipolis*. After usual Complements, they travel'd on the Road together, diverting themselves with Discourse of Affairs: But they had not gone far before they met with a huge Pile of Faggots. Gentlemen, says DIONYSIUS, to his Friends, I now will shew you the Power of some Seeds I have brought with me; and with that, calling to his *Tellow Boys*, he bid them throw some *Discordia* into the Faggot-pile. That was no sooner commanded than obey'd, and immediately, to the Diversion of all the Company, the  
Pile,

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Pile, which lay in regular Order, began to move, and in vast Hurry each Faggot bustled to get on its End, striking and fighting with its neighbour Faggot. Here Boys, cried DIONYSIUS, sling more Seed, and upon this second Volly, the *Withe* which held each Faggot burst, and upon that the very Sticks, which before held together in one Bundle, fell to belabouring one another, in such a manner, that you would have thought the *Devil*, instead of being *upon two Sticks*, had been *on Ten Thousand*. In the midst of this Fray out came the Owner of the *Pile*, who happen'd to be Constable of the Hundred for that Year, and with his *brown Bill*, in my *Lord-Mayor's Name*, commanded the Peace. In a trice he had a whole Cargo of Seed flung upon him, which done, Mr. Constable's *Left Hand* took hold of the *brown Bill*, which his Right Hand had no mind to part with; and such a Quarrel arose between the two *Brother Fists*, that at last, not minding so much what they contended for, as Revenge, down fell the Ensign of *Authority*, and to boxing they went; till falling upon the *Brown Bill*, both the Hands were chop'd off at once. DIONYSIUS and his Company jogg'd on, ready to burst their Sides with Laughter.

A little farther they saw a *Boar*, which stood at Bay, almost over-power'd by a  
Pack

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Pack of Dogs, some of whom had seiz'd him by the Throat. DIONYSIUS, to divert his Companions, order'd some of his Seed to be scatter'd among the *Pack*, upon which they all left their Prey, and fell upon one another; till having spent their Strength in this Civil War, they were incontinently devour'd by the Boar, who in the mean Time had recover'd.

Several of these Pranks did DIONYSIUS play in his Road to *Otipolis*, whose Inhabitants he afterwards diverted to an exceeding Degree; for he was one of the most pleasant Fellows in the Universe, having a jolly red Nose, bloated Cheeks, sparkling Eyes, a protuberant Tun of Guts; and being a Man full of Frolicks, who, though he was a designing, plotting Fellow at bottom, yet seem'd to be no more than a merry, toping Companion. One that cou'd converse with all Ranks from a *Lord* to a *Tinker*; from a grave *Alderman* in a Meeting, to a *Rake* in a *Bawdy House*.

For when he jested—'Twas breaking of Windows.

When he frolick'd — 'Twas Mohocking.

When he broke Wind 'Twas Wit.

upwards ———

When downwards -- 'Twas Proverbs and old Sayings.

N

When



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When he quarrel'd -- 'Twas small Beer.

When he wept — 'Twas Tears of the  
Tankard.

When he talk'd — 'Twas empty Glasses.

When he drank — 'Twas full Gallons.

When he took Phy- 'Twas Arsnick.

sick —

When he slept — 'Twas Benchers and  
Aldermen.

When he waked — 'Twas aching Heads.

When he walked — 'Twas Country Dances.

When he danced — 'Twas round the Table.

When he yawn'd — 'Twas for Bumpers.

When he sneez'd — 'Twas ring the Bell.

When he laugh'd — 'Twas a merry Jest.

When he smil'd — 'Twas like a Basket of  
Chips.

When he untruss'd a 'Twas pure Gold.  
Point —

When he took Snuff 'Twas bad Wine.

When he smoak'd — 'Twas a Pipe of Ca-  
nary.

When he run — 'Twas out at Heels.

When he sung — 'Twas old Chiron.

When he spit — 'Twas muddy Ale.

When he spew'd — 'Twas Country Squires.

When he sate — 'Twas Gout or Rheu-  
matism.

When he went to 'Twas two of the Clock.  
Bed —

His

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His trusty Steed, *Coirocephalus*, was no less remarkable than DIONYSIUS himself, for he eat nothing but *Grapes*, and sometimes Apples and Sloes; he pist nothing but pure *French Claret*, and Sh——t nothing but *Must*; and for that reason, there was always a Plug in his Breech, which his Master DIONYSIUS wou'd often pull out for the Entertainment of the Mob, reserving what came from the other part for his soaking Friends, who might love good old Wine.

As soon as DIONYSIUS came to the City of *Oripolis*, he steer'd his Course directly to the Lord Mayor's, whom he presented with a large Box of his Master REYNARD's Pictures, together with several Hampers of *Hesperides*. Then he led his Horse, *Coirocephalus*, down into my Lord's Cellars, and made him piss all the Vessels there full of Claret, which saved abundance of Money that Year. After that he visited Alderman POWEL at his own House, where he slip'd down his Breeches, and filled all the Alderman's Chests with that which is better than Civet, as I told you before. In the mean time, the little yellow Boys scatter'd themselves all over the City, sowing the Seed which they had brought with them; so that while DIONYSIUS was cultivating all the Friendship possible between my Lord Mayor, Mr. POWEL,

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REYNARD, and himself, his *yellow Boys* had set the whole Town in deep Enmity and jarring Discord: Nothing but Complaints, Accusations, Cursing and Swearing were to be heard. If an old Woman spilt her Broth, or had the Cat overturn'd her Furmery Kettle, she curs'd her Neighbour as the Cause of it. D— —n it, cries one, if *Jack* such an one had not cross'd the way my Horse had never died. Pox take you, says another, if your Bitch of a Wife had not scolded to Day, we might have had fair Weather. Oh, Rot ye, says a Third, my Corns had never ached, if you had not eat those cursed Onions. Oh, Plague, says a Fourth, I had not lost my Ship, if the damn'd Son of a Whore of a *Master* had not whistled, and so made a Storm. Thus were People busied in finding fault with one another, and laying all their Misfortunes, right or wrong, at their Neighbour's Door. Which Humour DIONYSIUS encouraged, by dispersing his *Seed*, while Mr. POWEL ply'd the main Affair with all possible hast and diligence.

CHAP.

CHAPTER the Eighteenth.

**M**R. Alderman POWEL had often attempted to win *his Brother Aldermen*, and the *Common Council*, but as yet cou'd never bring them to his Beck — Now because the *Common Council* were the largest Company, made up of the most noisy, bawling Fellows, he first threw among them some of REYNARD's *Hesperides*, which they caught as greedily at, as hungry Dogs wou'd at a piece of Beef or Mutton. And 'twas observ'd among them, that those who raved most against Bribes, were the readiest to take them, which had almost perswaded me to think, that our *Patriot Speeches*, now a Days, were no more than Pieces of Irony — Well — This Management soon brought a vast Majority of the *Common Council* to be Mr. POWEL's Creatures, So that whatsoever he proposed, they presently approved of — The *Aldermen* were the only Persons whom he cou'd not manage, for they being rich Cuffs, and Persons of Honour, refused our Hero's glittering Offer. And now it was, that he began to put in Practice that part of LUPERCUS's *Dream* concerning remo-



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ving some Pipes from the Lower Cafe into the Upper, for immediately he procures a Set of *Fur-Gowns* and *Gold Chains*, and these Emblems of *Aldermanship* he bestows on a whole Drove of his *Common Council Tools*, who were not only proud of the Honour, but glad of an Opportunity to serve their generous Benefactor. Thus he dubb's or creates, which you please to call it, an *artificial Majority of Aldermen*, which for distinction sake we shall for the future call RUMP ALDERMEN.

This every one declared to be a *bold stroke*, for there never had been a Precedent of such a Thing in all the *Ostipolian Records*. But what signified that to Mr. POWEL, whose *Guilt and Cowardise* drove him to commit any Action that wou'd serve his present Occasions.

Thus it always happens when *Quacks* and *Juglers* are trusted with Constitutions, which whilst they pretend to cure, they never fail of destroying.

Places of Trust require Men of Constancy and Courage, whereas *Tricksters* are *everlasting Cowards*; and those *bold strokes* which the vulgar interpret as Marks of Courage, are nothing but the Effects of *Fear*; and 'tis by these that we know the *timorous Villain*.

So

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So when a Woman is engaged in a desperate and wicked Action, she is apt to be the first that counsels Barbarity; and seldom shall you hear of a *female Robbery* without *Murder*: And what can the reason of this be? Nothing but the fearfulness of the Sex.

It was not the Saying of *brave CÆSAR*,

*Utinam Populus Romanus unam Cervicem haberet.*

No ——— but 'twas the vile Wish of that cowardly Tyrant CALIGULA. Thus traiterous *Cowards* do more Mischief than the boldest Enterprize of a generous, valiant Enemy.

And thus it is when an upstart Wretch (whose Tricking and Falshood have juggled him into Power) has committed one Enormity, his Fear shall make him not only wish one Neck to a People, but actually betray a whole Kingdom, and sacrifice many thousand Necks to save his own worthless, scoundrel *Head*: The loss of which, duly consider'd, wou'd scarce be a sufficient Recompence for the Death of a Dog ——— To return from whence I digress'd.

All the *Otipolians*, though otherwise dull and unthinking Sots, stood amazed at this extraordinary Proceeding; some

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thought the adviser of it wou'd certainly be put to Death; others believ'd the *Court of Aldermen* wou'd not admit these *new Intruders*; but all agreed it was a mortal Stab to the *Constitution*, and wou'd make the *Court of Aldermen* as much a Cypher as they had been once before upon a quite different Occasion. In short, the *old Aldermen* were out-voted in every Point, by means of *some false Brethren* among themselves, who joyn'd with these *Rump Aldermen*, and saw their Liberties in a fair way to be ruin'd; but alas, there was no help for it, the poor *Lord Mayor* was grown blind, and saw not what a Viper he had taken into his Bosom.

And here I cannot but insert a Comical Accident that happened much about this Time. Mr. POWEL sends round to the *Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council Men* to invite them to a nice Dinner, which he wou'd give them, dress'd up by a *French Cook*, that was come to him from *Europe*, and done *Alamode de Paris*.

Accordingly, on the *first Day of April*, being the appointed Time, my Lord mounted on his *great Mule* (though now an *Ass*) with his long Sword and Cap of Maintenance, came together with the *Aldermen*, and all the other Guests in their *Pontificalibus*. When they were arrived at *Alderman POWEL's House*, with hun-  
gry

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gry, expecting Stomachs, down they sat, and presently some fell to chipping their Bread, some to whetting their Knife and Fork together; some to making Circles, Squares, Secants, Tangents, and other mathematical Figures at the bottom of their Plates, while others were twirling their Plates round upon the point of their Fork, others playing some jejune Ditty with their Fingers on the Table; others tying and untying their Band-strings; some wou'd be whistling an old Ballad, some humming, some taking Snuff, some biting their Nails for Anger that Dinner was not come, and some playing with their B——s like Monkeys, while others were staying their Appetites with a Crust, and my Lord was whetting it with a Bottle of Rhenish. In the midst of these *Anteprandean* Amusements, Mr. POWEL comes in, and tells them with a solemn Face; ‘Gentlemen, I am extreamly  
‘grieved that my Cook let fall a Bottle of  
‘*Catchup*, by which means you can have  
‘no Dinner to day, but if you will honour your Friend POWEL next Week  
‘with your Companies, you shall see the  
‘nicest Entertainment I can provide for  
‘you; to give you a *bad Meal* after these  
‘Promises will be *treacherous, scandalous,*  
‘*and villanous*; and if I did such a Thing,  
‘I shou’d deserve to have a *Knife* flung at  
‘my Head. This



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This said, with sad, grumbling, hungry *Gizards*, all the Company departed in *Peace*; but sooth'd with Mr. POWEL's smooth Tongue, and having some of that given them *which makes the Mare to go*, these Fellows who had no more Sense than an Horse, came on the second appointed Day, expecting a Feast, if ever they read him; such as VARRO describes — viz. Peacocks from *Samos*, *Phrygian* Turkeys, Cranes from *Melos*, *Ambracian* Kids, *Tarentian* Mulletts; Trouts from *Pessinuntium*, *Tarentine* Oysters, Crabs from *Chios*; *Tatian* Nuts, *Egyptian* Dates, *Iberian* Chestnuts, &c. Then at last out comes this long expected *Diu multumque desideratum*, and much vaunted Dinner.

*Parturiunt Montes, nascetur Ridiculus Mons.*

My Lord Mayor, who sat at the upper end of the Table, had a couple of *Ortolans*, and a bottle of Wine set before him; the rest had a few little Dishes of ragoo'd Frogs, together with an innumerable Company of Snails, Toads, Vipers, Maggots, Snakes, Worms, Spiders, Flies, Flea's, Lice, and all other Sort of Vermin done up in *Paste*, in the form of Castles, Towns, Fortifications, Ships, &c. which made every one sick that tasted them, and presently set some to spewing, retching, cough-

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coughing, sneezing, farting, fizling, purging, grumbling, ranting, raving, quarrelling, fighting, and the Ferment in the end grew so high, that Mr. POWEL had been *Dewitted*, had not DIONYSIUS's *yellow Boys* come into the Room at that Instant, who made it out to them plainly that this was *European Cookery*, and that if they did not like it, the fault was in their bad Palates, that were not accustomed to such Delicacies.

Much about this Season, Minheer VAN VRYHEYD, an honest old Gentleman, who lived in a Fenny Seat of his own, called *Batrachy*, sent a Letter to *my Lord Mayor*, who was his old Friend, to inform him what a Rogue Mr. POWEL was, which being intercepted by VENERIO, he apply'd it to his proper Occasions. The honest *Batrachian* receiving no Answer to his Letter, sends another, which we have the Copy of, and therefore shall insert it here.

*' My Lord,*

*' THE ancient Friendship, and good  
' Correspondence that has been  
' held between us, and the true Concern  
' I have for your Welfare, have occasion'd  
' this*

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‘ this Trouble. I am old ——— I fore-  
 ‘ see my End approaching, and my *latter*  
 ‘ *Days are near at hand.*

‘ I understand that your Lordship has  
 ‘ receiv’d a Present of *Hesperides* from  
 ‘ REYNARD, the Governour of Dowloprepia.  
 ‘ Ah! my Lord ———

‘ *Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes.*

‘ The Gifts of Enemies are but Hooks to  
 ‘ entrap you, to lead you into some Share,  
 ‘ or shameful Engagemēt. Avoid ———  
 ‘ Avoid these new deceitful, and dange-  
 ‘ rous Kindnesses, from an Enemy whose  
 ‘ Interest it is to draw you off from *old*  
 ‘ *Friendships* ———. I fear the Effects of  
 ‘ his Present ——— for these *Hesperides*  
 ‘ are a more bewitching Fruit, than the  
 ‘ Apple, *which the Jews say*, ruined our  
 ‘ first Parents.

‘ Consider this, my dear Lord, examine  
 ‘ your Servants Actions, and by them you  
 ‘ will find your Friends, your Citizens,  
 ‘ and your self most horridly abused.  
 ‘ Pray hearken to your steady, old Friend,  
 ‘ who is, was, and ever will be ready to  
 ‘ serve you,

VRYHEYD.

This

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This Epistle he sent by his own Man, who deliver'd it to my *Lord Mayor himself*, who deliver'd it to *Monsieur FADLE*, who deliver'd it to *Mr. POWEL*, who return'd an Answer in my Lord's Name thus —.

Mr. VRYHEYD,

**I** wonder what Malicious, Ill-minded 'Son of a Whore told you, that I had receiv'd a Present from *Governour REYNARD* — I tell you positively 'tis a damn'd Lie, I have not seen the Value of a *Cow's Thumb* of his *Fruit*. I must tell you, that you are very sawcy and impertinent to meddle in other Peoples Affairs. Besides, you are a cursed Cheat, and a Fellow that never perform'd your Promise.

You need not fear the Effects of *REYNARD's* Gifts, for you see I am your Friend, and 'tis your Fault, you Puppy, if I do not continue so — kiss my A——e — I will not quarrel with you, you ill manner'd Booby, but shall certainly follow your kind Advice, and you shall have no reason to complain of,

*Your humble Servant, &c.*

This



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This elegant Epistle was not given to Minheer VAN VRYHEYD's Man, but sent by an old Butter-woman, who calling at his House, deliver'd it to him. He was mightily surpris'd at the Contents, and sent several other Letters, none of which were answered or regarded; and here I think it will be needless to trouble my Reader with a long Detail of Letters written, or Speeches made to the *Courts of Aldermen and Common Council*, upon Mr. POWEL's unwarrantable Proceedings; who in Spight of *daily Experience*, voted all *Reason, Sense, and Truth*, which was not for Mr. POWEL's Purpose, to be nothing else but *Lies, Nonsense, and Malice*. And because I will not pass for a Romancing Historian, I will here set you down some Acts of *Common Council*, which are left as standing Rules for other *Common Councils* to go by; I mean such, whose Consciences, like common Strumpets, are to be prostituted for Money.

First—As an Instance of their Justice, MAURUS, Alderman POWEL's Footman was complain'd of, for picking a Lady's Pocket, and the Fact was proved upon him, for which they threaten'd to hang up the poor Woman.

They made an Act, that Debtors shou'd all be released out of their Prisons; with a *Non-obstante*— That they shou'd pay the

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the Money they owed their Creditors, to Mr. POWEL's Clerk——This released abundance.

The Common-Council also settled many Maxims (which, like a Choak-pear Creed, compos'd to make Hereticks) they forced on all their Members, turning out of their Body all who wou'd not subscribe to them.

THE OTIPOLIAN COMMON-COUNCILS MAXIMS.

*J*uggling and Shuffling are certain Signs of Honesty and Plain-dealing.

*Betraying Secrets to the Enemy, is a Sign of a faithful Minister.*

*To receive Pensions, is the Token of an uncorrupt Patriot.*

*To take Bribes of the Enemy, is true Politics.*

*The Way to make Men see, is to put out their Eyes.*

*To beat the Enemy, is not to fight him.*

*To borrow Money, and never pay, is the way to restore Credit.*

*To assist an Ally, is to leave him in the Lurch to be beat.*

*To end a War with Honour, is to send a General with a Commission not to fight.*

These

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These, with several others, too long here to insert, were the Maxims of that *Mercenary Common Council*, who after a great deal of Scuffle, *Pro* and *Con*, did miserably abuse Minheer VAN VRYHEYD'S Man WARHEIT, whom he had sent to speak with them; and after they had cruelly mauled him, without hearing what he had to say, they banished him their City.



## CHAPTER the Nineteenth.

**A** *Spanish Bravo* once pay'd, thinks it a dishonourable Piece of *Injustice*, not to perpetrate the Murder he was hired for. And can those wicked *Parricides*, who have receiv'd Premiums to destroy their Constitution, stand less upon their *Puncto's* in such an Occasion, than a *Spanish Bravo*? No—for when Men once violate their first Modesty, and sell their Conscience, they commence such abandon'd Villains, as not to start at the most detestable Actions, when they see a Prospect of present Benefit, or of conferring further Obligations on their Pay-Masters. This Mr. POWEL very perfectly understood, having himself experienced that Conscience and Modesty, like a Maiden-head,

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head, when once lost, are never truly to be found again : and a Man that has once *sold himself*, never sticks at any thing, or pretends Conscience on any other Score, than what a Strumpet counterfeits Modesty for, I mean to enhance the *Price*; but pay them *that*, and all their Scruples are in a Moment fled.

On this Score he knew the Majority of the *Aldermen and Common Council* were his obsequious Tools, and even ready to do more than he required of them. However, he resolved to break his Project to them, in such a manner, that shou'd it miscarry, he might himself escape, and only leave his *Mercenaries* to bear the Brunt. Accordingly one Day, in full Assembly, he thus bespoke them ; ‘ Gentle-  
‘ men—— whatever People may think, I  
‘ say, that to deliver the *Vineyard* to old  
‘ REYNARD, is *foolish, knavish, and villa-*  
‘ *nous* ; and whosoever advises it, ought to  
‘ be hanged— I declare I am against it—  
‘ It is but my single Opinion—— After  
‘ this, you may do just what you shall  
‘ think good. This said, he tip’d the  
Wink upon VENERIO, who immediately  
went round, and informed them, that  
Mr. POWEL only spoke by the Figure *Irony*,  
and that they shou’d make up the Quarrel,  
and deliver up the *Vineyard*—— which  
they did without more ado, though in



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Truth 'twas ready done to their Hands. Well—— The Train-bands were sent for home, and the *Megalauchians* had quiet Possession of their *Vineyard*; but REYNARD knowing that otherwise he never cou'd be secure, still insisted upon having the *Otipolian Mule* in his Hands.

Now this *Project* was so base, that Mr. POWEL durst not trust his *Rump Aldermen*, and *Common Council* with it; nay, scarce any of his own Confidants knew it, besides his Friend VENERIO, his trusty Footman MAURUS, and the *Non-conscienced Bonzee*, or *Flamen LUPERCUS*, who all came to the following Resolution, 'That REYNARD, the Governor of *Dawoloprepia*, should send over a little *Kinsman* of his, attended by some more *Megalauchians*, all drest in an *Otipolian Garb*; and the *Kinsman* himself should be drest in the Habit of a *Lord Mayor*; for the *Mule*, though a dull Beast, wou'd let no Body mount him but the *Lord Mayor* himself, or whom my Lord especially appointed—— This they sent Word of to REYNARD, who promised upon the Day appointed, to send his *Kinsman* drest, and attended as they desired. Mr. POWEL upon this, to amuse those who might pry into his Actions, if they had nothing else to do, gave Money for Bonfires, Fire-works, and Illuminations, which wholly took up the Minds of  
the

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the giddy Mob. DIONYSIUS likewise mounts his Horse *Coirocephalus*, and like a Champion on a Coronation Day, when he challenges every one, and is sure no body will fight him; or like a *Lord Mayor* on a Show-day; or like a Colonel of the Train'd-Bands on the Artillery Ground; or like that merry Fellow PINKETHMAN on an Elephant; or like NICHOLINI, when he kills a Lion in *Recitativo*; or like the King at *Stocks-Market*; or like *Ditto* at *Charing Cross*; or like St. GEORGE on Horseback; or like (and indeed likest of all) BACCHUS on a Tun, the aforesaid DIONYSIUS rides out into the Streets, and pulls the Plug out of his Horses Posteriors, where the Mob in mighty Throng, attended the falling of what came out, some with Glasses, some with Cups, Flaggons, Jugs, black Jacks and Mugs, some pull'd off their Shoes, some their Boots; some their Caps and Hats, some caught with their Hands, whilst the most greedy open'd their Mouths, and clapping them close to his Touch-hole, hung like Leaches, till thrust away by others of as thirsty Constitutions.

Now this Horse *Coirocephalus* had a Trick, that he wou'd sometime look about; and if he espy'd any one who had drank more than his Share, he would lift up his Heel, and with one Knock on the

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Forehead, lay him down as flat as a Flounder. At this time, he had a great deal of Work of this kind, for he knock'd down several thousands that Day, who lying on the Ground, stunn'd with his Blows, and weltring in the red Liquor, which they had drank, and spew'd up, look'd like the sad Signals of a cruel Battle there fought.

While the People were thus taken up, Mr. POWEL remembered his Promise to REYNARD; and therefore having put the Lord Mayor to Bed, he went to prepare every thing for the Delivery of the Mule, according to the Appointment before-mention'd.

To this End, having found VENERIO and MAURUS, with them he goes to the Stable, intending to Shoe the *Passive* Beast, with Wood, instead of Iron, that he might make the less Noise, when he was carry'd off. Well—to the Stable Door he comes, where standing some time with his two Companions, a Wind, *which blew him no good*, arose, and drove some of that Seed *Discordia*, which I before-mention'd amongst them.

That had no sooner happen'd, than VENERIO and Mr. POWEL fell to quarrelling, who shou'd put on the Mule's new Shoes. VENERIO swore, and POWEL stamp't; ' You pimping Dog, says the former, what  
' do

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‘ do you pretend to Shoe the *Mule* for? It  
‘ is not your Business and be d——d to  
‘ you—— Why you rotten Fumbler, do  
‘ you pretend to be a Carpenter, reply’d  
‘ the other, am not I the only *Jack of all*  
‘ *Trades* that you have, and pray do you  
‘ forget that you owe your Bread to me—  
Upon this, to boxing they went, and VENERIO being a *Coward*, had certainly come by the worst, but MAURUS stept in, and with one Blow of an Iron Bar, broke Mr. POWEL’s Back-bone; and indeed there he wou’d have died, had not MERCURY in the Shape of a Carpenter, taken his Votary away.

Mr. POWEL being thus removed, VENERIO with his new hir’d Footman MAURUS, enter’d the Stable, and fell to shooing the Mule. *But as Ill Luck attends Villains in the End*, so while VENERIO was putting on the Wooden Shoes prepared by REYNARD for the *Mule*, not taking due Care of his Neck, he entangled himself in the Halter that tied the Beast to the Manger, which strangled him so soon, that when MAURUS, who was getting ready the Bridle, came to his Assistance, he found him Breathless, and his Breeches full of Courage.

*Oh! suitable End of such a pitiful scandalous Life!*



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In the mean time, the poor Mob were so far poison'd with what came from *Coi-rocephalus's* Breech, that they all run Mad ; some hang'd, others drown'd, a third sort stabb'd themselves. In short, the Place was in a fair Way of being made a Desert, when, in a happy Hour arriv'd an *High German Doctor* of extraordinary Fame and Skill—— To him they all applied, and *secundum artem* he prescrib'd to each one according to his Constitution proper Medicines—— As for Example, To all Mr. POWEL's Tools, and especially to MAURUS, LUPERCUS, and the *Crambo Drawer*, a large Dose of the Herb *Pantagruellion*. To some of the wild distracted *Aldermen*, he order'd *Chalybeats*, and *Phlebotomy* in the Neck. To several of the *Common Council* he prescribed Exercise, such as *Dancing on the Ropes*, and *Riding the Great Horse*. Some of the common sort his Man ANDREW BUTTEL cur'd with that Emetick Herb call'd *Hanf* ; others with a Cephalick Bolus call'd *Halseisen* ; a third sort with *Gum Mastix*, or a sticking Plaister of *Grisselung*, well laid on. To all the rest he gave large Doses of *Hellebore* and *Eye-bright* ; by means of which they all grew well in a short time, to the great Honour of the Physician that cur'd them.

While these things were transacting, Mr. POWEL, by the Help of an able Surgeon,

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geon, recover'd indeed, not so perfectly but that he was obliged ever after to walk double. In this crooked Disguise he slipt out of *Otipolis*, and took Shipping by the first Opportunity, to see his Native Country, and once more to turn Christian.



CHAPTER the Twentieth.

**N**othing worthy of my Remarks happen'd in all Mr. POWEL's Voyage home; therefore I shall concisely tell the Reader, that he arrived safe at *Bristol*, very much reduced; having nothing left of all his Wealth, but a Cloak to hide his Poverty and Deformity.

And here it was that he first changed his Name, taking that of ROBERT POWEL, which he now goes by, instead of his true Name, OLIVER VOLPONE. The Reason of his doing so, he himself best knows. As soon as he landed he fell luckily into a Company of Strolers, and joining with them, he often acted the Parts of *Æsop*, and *Burleigh the Crooked Lord Treasurer*; the former with some Applause, but the latter to the Approbation of but very few.

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His Deformity permitted him not to act any other Parts, unless it were that of a Candle-Snuffer, which he performed very ill, often putting out the Lights, and leaving the whole Audience in the dark. But the Post he chiefly stuck to, was that of a Prompter, which he was very dextrous at, even to the Astonishment of the famous Mr. DOWNS; for as that Gentleman prompted honestly, and put the Poet's own Words and Sense into the Mouth of the Actor, to the Credit of both; so our *Hero*, having a Genius too *Mercurial* to be bounded by the dull Rules of the Stage, or tied down by the Establish'd Laws of *Parnassus*, would very often prompt out of his own Head, and to the great Surprise of the Audience, he would make a Theatrical King or Queen talk like a downright *Zany*; and when every one expected that the Audience should be melted into Tears, the *Royal Actor* should set them into a *Horse-Laugh*.

This pleas'd the *Bristolians* well enough, (who, tho' very honest and good Merchants, were no great Judges of Drammatick Performances) till at last, one Day they were acting the *Mayor of Queenborough*, a Play of Mr. MIDDLETON's, where Mr. POWEL, thinking to shew his Parts, prompted quite beside the Meaning of the Play: So that the poor *Mayor of Queenborough*

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*rough* talked down-right Nonfense, and miserably expos'd himself in every Scene. The *Second Act* contradicted the *First*; the *Third* the *Second*; and the *Fourth* the *Third*; and in the *Last Act*, contrary to the whole *Plot* and *End* of the Piece, he made the *Mayor* formally come in his *Fur-Gown* on the Stage, with the Charter of *Queenborough* in his Hands, and pulling down his Breeches, wipe his Backside with it——

And so ended the Play.

But this Jest, however merry in it self, did not please the Men of *Bristol*, especially the *Mayor* and *Aldermen*, who took themselves to be very much affronted by it. And therefore to revenge this Indignity, they met in the *Town-House*, and having agreed, that 'twas better spending their Time on the Top of the *Toulssey* than at the *Play-house*; they unanimously resolved to drive this Company of Strollers out of the Town, and accordingly 'twas done. And the Gentleman who was at the Charge of building this new Fabrick of a Play-house, was forced to let it out for the Reception of Wares.

These Actors being thus turned a-drift, soon discarded their *mad Prompter* POWEL, who set forwards, as well as the rest, for *Bath*; where, as soon as they were arrived, the Strollers went to the *Playhouse*, which was committed to the Management



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ment of Mr. POOR; and Mr. POWEL, with that little Money that he had left, purchas'd himself another *Theatre*, and singly set up in Opposition to them all, like SALMON against the whole College of *Physicians*. Now was he resolv'd to get *Actors*, that should speak and move as he pleas'd. The first he hired was one PUNCH, a comical, staring, gaping, noisy Fellow, who had been formerly *Footman* to a *Swiss Count*, but now was set up for himself. PUNCH was soon attended by a whole Train of *Diminutive Actors* of both Sexes, viz. Jointed Kings, Queens, Waiting-Maids, Virgins, Babies, Noblemen, Baboons, Tumblers, Aldermen, Rope-dancers, Geese, Country-Squires, Rats, Lord-Mayors, Footmen, Sows, Indians, Cats, Conjurers, Owls, Priests, Brazen-heads, Robin-Red-Breasts, and Elders, all which were assisted by a wise *Interpreter*—— So that Mr. POWEL had quickly a full Stage. In short— he was mightily frequented by all sorts of Quality, and PUNCH, with his Gang soon broke the *Strölers*, and enjoy'd the City of Bath by themselves. Money coming in a-pace, Mr. POWEL bought him several new Sets of Scenes for the Diversion of his Audience, and the better Acting of several incomparable Dramas of his own Composing——

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sing—— such as *Whittington and his Cat*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Dr. Faustus*, *Friar Bacon*, and *Friar Bungey*, *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, *Mother Shipton*, *Mother Lowse*, together with the *Pleasant and Comical Humours of Valentini, Nicolini*, and the tuneful warbling Pig of Italian Race.

And here I should be unjust to my *Hero*, should I omit (before I conclude) to inform my Reader, that **MR. POWEL**, struck with the Great Favours he has met with at *Bath*, and willing to shew his Gratitude to that Noble Place, has traced its Original from the most ancient Historians. And having found that it was built by King **BLADUD**, a *Welch Conjuror*, he designs on the *first of April* next, to present the Ladies with a Puppet-show, in Honour of the Founder; to which, besides many new Scenes, will be added an *Epilogue* spoken by **MR. POWEL** himself, in a *Conjuror's Habit*, without a *Magical Wand* in his *Hand*; which at his Request I have here subjoin'd.

The



## The EPILOGUE.

**I**'M come to beg your Favour to our Stage,  
The lively Emblem of the present Age.  
For as my Puppets, when you hear them squeak,  
Are but the Wooden Tubes thro' which I  
speak :

So many now a-days strut and look vain  
With the Productions of another Brain.  
King BLADUD play'd to Night the Conjuror's  
Part,

The only Prince that ever skill'd that Art.  
His Eloquence you heard was mighty great,  
But Thanks to Me, his Minister of State.  
He ne'er had spoke, nor acted with such Fire,  
Had not Lord POWEL stood behind the Wire.  
You can't imagine, Sirs, what Art can do ;  
'Twill make a Wooden Head, a Wise one too,  
So have I often in a Play-house seen  
The pompous Figure of a Buskin Queen,  
Start

## The EPILOGUE.

*Start from her Throne, and make a solemn  
Speech,  
Which hidden DOWNS stood prompting at her  
Breech.  
The Gazing Crowd ne'er smelt the subtle  
Joke,  
But thought poor Moppet of her self had spoke.*



## FINIS.



Stimulus per Thronum, and make a solemn



But thought poor Mopet of her self had spoke.

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*Knecht*

# I N D E X.

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*Ad-*



# *Advertisement of the Author.*

**I**F any Reader should imagine by my Comparing the *Otipolian* Religion to a *Maypole*, that I have as little Piety as the *Author of the first Tale of a Tub*; these are to inform him, that the Satyr is only le- vell'd at those, who seem to value the Ef- fentials of their Faith no more than a *May- pole*, and prefer one Ceremony of *Human Institution*, to twenty Rules of Morality and good Life.

